The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February, *in the* March *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The following words have a melancholy interest, as being the last that Professor Tyndall wrote for publication. They were written in answer to a request from an American syndicate for a Christmas message to friends in America:—

"....I choose the nobler part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaims, 'I covet *truth!*' The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this. John Tyndall.

"Hind Head House, Haslemere.

"December, 1893."

We hear that a rather curious libel action against the authorities of the British Museum Reading Room will shortly be tried in London, in which very eminent counsel have been engaged. A pamphlet was printed in America which contained an alleged libel upon a well-known American lady, who has taken a very prominent part in political matters and in social reform. The authorities of the British Museum obtained a copy of this pamphlet, and added it, we understand, to the library, so that it was accessible to the public which uses the Museum's Reading Room. The plaintiff considers that in doing so, the authorities have made themselves liable for uttering or circulating the alleged libel, and it is upon these grounds that she is bringing her action The case opens up rather a curious question in regard to the law of libels in regard to a public library like that of the Museum. And as we understand that a notorious case, which came before the courts some years ago, is likely to be re-opened, the affair will in all probability cause some sensation.

We are able to announce on the best authority that Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel will be published in the spring.

A highly interesting contribution to the Junius controversy is about to be published by Messrs. Longmans. Surely at last the matter is to be settled, seeing that the author of the volume is Mr. H. R. Francis, a grandson of Sir Philip Francis, and he has had the use of documents which have been at the disposal of no one else.

Dr. Conan Doyle is preparing a story, which, as we understand, is to be of a semi-biographical kind, for the *Idler*. This will be finished before the historical novel to which we referred last month. Dr. Doyle hopes to work at it while at Davos, where he has gone to join Mrs. Conan Doyle, who has been wintering there.

Mr. Zangwill has decided for the present to give over the treatment of Jewish subjects; his new novel, which is being written for *To-day*, will deal exclusively with Gentile life.

The tale which Mr. Haggard is to contribute to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, on the conclusion of Mr. Meredith's novel, is not a story of adventure, but is rather in the style of his 'Beatrice.'

We regret to learn that Miss Beatrice Harraden is not in good health. She proposes to winter in California.

Messrs. James Pott and Co., of New York, warn the American public against an unauthorised issue, which is threatened, of Professor Drummond's 'Evolution of Man.' This consists of the brief authorised reports of the first eight lectures published in the *British Weekly*. Messrs. Pott have been appointed Professor Drummond's publishers, and they will use all legal means to prevent this mutilated version of the book being published. We hope, for the honour of America, that they may succeed.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore, on being asked to write a New Year's message for America, bluntly declined, saying that as all the American magazines had declined his story, 'Perlycross,' he did not feel inclined to duck his head to the Americans.

The most inte resting portions of Sir William Hardman's diary, now being printed in *To-day*, are those which refer to Mr. George Meredith. We have a glimpse of Mr. Meredith at thirty-two, "a widower with a young boy of eight," and are told that Tennyson wrote Meredith expressing his admiration of 'Love in a Valley,' which he said he wandered about repeating to himself. Unfortunately the letter has been lost. Mr. Meredith would do the world a

kindness if he would allow this lovely lyric to be reprinted from the 1851 book.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is writing an article, "My Boyhood in Scotland," for an American periodical.

We are very glad to hear that the statement which appeared in THE BOOKMAN soon after Mr. William Watson's return from Switzerland, to the effect that no return of his indisposition was to be feared, has been fully confirmed. Mr. Watson is, we are sincerely glad to state, in very good health and spirits.

To an interviewer in Boston, Mr. Gilbert Parker has stated that his next book will deal with the early life of Washington. He came across a heap of hitherto unpublished manuscript while in Quebec, and in some form or other he will deal with this material. Meanwhile he is going to Mexico for a holiday, travelling as his fancy leads him, staying in one place till he gets tired, and then moving on to the next.

Mr. Parker told a curious story of literary coincidence. Mr. Conan Doyle had just finished his book, the 'Refugees,' and it was soon to be issued, while one of Mr. Parker's was nearly ready to be given to the publishers. Talking with Dr. Doyle of his book, Mr. Parker said, "By the way, Doyle, in your travels through the early Canadian history, have you happened to meet my hero, De Lhut?" Doyle exclaimed immediately, "Why, De Lhut is the chief character in my book," so Mr. Parker had to re-write a large portion of his novel and substitute another for Mr. Doyle's hero.

The letters of Harriet, Countess of Granville, 1810-1845, are to be edited by her son, the Honourable F. Leveson-Gower, and will be printed in two octavo volumes.

Mr. Bret Harte has just completed the MS. of a short story for publication in the *Idler*, entitled 'Johnnyboy.'

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has written a short story for publication in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The title will probably be 'Julie.'

Mr. Besant's 'London,' which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* some little time ago, proved so popular that he has been induced to write another somewhat similar series. The subject this time is 'Westminster.' The articles will appear, in the first place, in an illustrated monthly periodical.

Messrs. Longmans will shortly publish a new work on Gambling by Mr. Maskelyne of the Egyptian Hall. It will constitute a complete exposure of the methods and devices employed in cheating at the present day, and a revelation of the whole of the secrets of the modern gaming sharps. It will be a work absolutely unique of its kind, nothing at all approaching to it having ever been published in any language. The title will be 'Flats and Sharps.'

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have purchased for a sum down the book rights of Headon Hill's 'Clues from the Notebook of Zambra the Detective,' which recently appeared as a serial in the *Million*.

At last Mr. R. H. Hutton has consented to issue a selection from his articles in the *Spectator*. They will deal with religious teachers. It may be remembered that Mr. Hutton many years ago republished some political studies from the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Many readers would welcome a volume from Mr. Meredith Townsend, perhaps the ablest living writer whose name is practically unrepresented in literature. It is true he appears as joint author with Mr. Sanford, of the forgotten and not very valuable treatise on the 'Great Families of England.' But Mr. Sanford did much the better part of the work, and the subject gave little scope for Mr. Townsend's most characteristic qualities.

The late Mr. Wolcott Balestier's last novel, 'Benefits Forgot,' will be published in three-volume form by Mr. Heinemann early in January.

Mr. W. W. Yeats, of Dewsbury, suggests the establishment of a Brontë Society, and the proposal is likely to be carried out. Mr. Yeats points out that Patrick Brontë went from Cambridge University to Dewsbury as Curate of the Parish Church, whence he went to Hartshead. The Dewsbury traditions have not been collected.

In Dewsbury, at the residence of Mr. J. Ingram, of Fairfields, there are three interesting oil-paintings by Branwell Brontë, one of Mrs. Ingram, who was then Miss Hartley. Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., has just inspected these portraits, and has written the following letter to Mr. Yeats :—

"The Bull, Wakefield, November 28th, 1893.

"Dear Sir,—The Brontë Portraits. Allow me to thank you very sincerely for your kind response to my desire to see the Patrick [Branwell] Brontë portraits, in the possession of Mr. Ingram. I went in company with your worthy secretary, Mr. Lee, who kindly brought me to the house. The portraits are very interesting. The colour is very good, and as studies of family character, capital. If inclined to be critical, a habit which grows upon one who inspects, I should say the drawing, which in the heads is good, is in the other portions strangely out of proper contour of line. The cleverness was evidently innate, and would have developed with culture. But probably bread-winning was more important than severe drudgery over the rudiments. I quite enjoyed going over the so-called Dewsbury Moor with Mr. Lee, who pointed out the localities made famous by the young painter's sister, Charlotte Brontë.—Believe me, yours gratefully, (Signed) EYRE CROWE."

It should be known that a good many of the so-called Brontë relics are not genuine. Perhaps the best of them were in the possession of Martha Brown, the faithful servant whose devotion is chronicled in Mrs. Gaskell's life, and who remained with Mr. Nicholls (the husband of Charlotte Brontë) to the end of her life. When she died, her possessions were divided between her brothers and sisters. It seems some of them are still at Haworth, and it is proposed to purchase these as the nucleus of the museum. Old Patrick Brontë gave many of these relics to Martha Brown, thinking that they would help to provide for her in the event of his sudden death.

Mrs. E. M. Lynch, the authoress of 'The Boy God,' is preparing a volume for the *New Irish Library*, of which Sir C. G. Duffy is editor. The title of the work will be 'The Parish Providence,' and it is a kind of adaptation of Balzac's 'Le Médecin de Campagne.' Mrs. Lynch lives in Co. Meath, near Dunsany. She is well acquainted with the

social condition of the Irish people, and her volume will inculcate the necessity and importance of attending to the *petites cultures*, so much neglected in Ireland.

Mr. Walter Besant is preparing for the press a new volume of short stories, which have from time to time appeared in various periodicals during the last year or two.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is meditating the publication of a volume of stories for children. Those at present appearing in *St. Nicholas* will be included in the volume with others which have already appeared serially, and some of which are yet to be published. It is likely that he will also towards the end of next year issue a new volume of 'Barrack Room Ballads, and other Verses.'

Mr. Haggard's 'Montezuma's Daughter' has perhaps sold more quickly than any other book written by that author. Although it has only been issued some three or four weeks, a first edition of 10,000 copies is already exhausted, and another is in the press. This refers to England only, and does not include the very large sale of the book in the United States.

The College Club of Boston (U.S.A.) gave an afternoon reception in honour of the veteran "Professor of the Breakfast Table" on November 18th, which was a great success, and very largely attended. Dr. Holmes, who was in the best of health and spirits, seemed (so one of those present tells us) "as sprightly and gay as if his years were twenty-four instead of eighty-four." He recited for the entertainment of the company three of his own poems, 'Dorothy Q.' 'The Chambered Nautilus,' and the 'Last Leaf.'

The History of Australia and New Zealand from 1606-1890 has been written by Mr. Alexander Sutherland, M.A., and Mr. George Sutherland, M.A., and will be published shortly.

The Rev. R. J. Knowling, M.A., intends to publish shortly, under the title of 'Some Influences of Christianity,' the lectures which he has been delivering at King's College, London, of which he is Vice-Principal.

Miss Hepworth Dixon is to contribute a serial story to the pages of the *Lady's Pictorial* during the early months of the new year.

Mr. Fergus Hume has written a new detective story, entitled 'The Holy Ring,' which will shortly be published.

There has been affixed to the front of the house at Budleigh Salterton lately occupied by Thomas Adolphus Trollope, elder brother of Anthony Trollope, a marble slab bearing the following inscription:

In hoc loco
Supremos vitæ annos egit
T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE,
de stirpe gen. in Com. Linc. ortus
Scriptor copiossimus
Amicus Iucundissimus.
Natus est die xxix. Aprilis, A.D. 1810.
Obiit Die xi. November, A.D. 1892.

The *Old Country*, the Rev. Frederick Langbridge's new monthly for Irishmen and Irishwomen, to which reference was made in the December BOOKMAN, will be published by Messrs. Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, of Dublin.

A new work may soon be expected from Mrs. Oliphant, who intends to publish in volume form the stories she has contributed recently to *Blackwood*, *Longman's Magazine*, and *Good Words*.

Mr. Thomas Cobb has written a new detective story, which Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden will publish. Its title will be 'The Disappearance of Mr. Derwent.'

"Martin Cousins" (Mrs. Henry Martin) has finished a new novel, entitled 'A Shadowy Third.' Mr. Bentley will probably be the publisher.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has recently published in America a new volume of poems, entitled 'A Roadside Harp,' which has been most favourably received.

Miss Guiney, who is well known as one of the graceful and scholarly writers in the best American magazines, being a poetess and no mean critic, is a candidate for the Postmistress-ship at Auburndale, Mass. Her ambition seems to have greatly interested modern journalists, and is taken as a proof that literature doesn't pay. Miss Guiney says to an interviewer, "My literary work is not regular. I get very good prices when I work, but I am very irregular about it. I need something steady week by week and month by month."

The Hazlitt sale was disappointing, in more ways than one. In the first place, the manuscripts were "over-catalogued," the printed descriptions of the various lots arousing expectations which were not realised upon subsequent examination. Interesting many—in fact most—of these papers certainly were, but the best use has already been made of them, and very little remains unpublished that is in any way worth publication. In the second place, the condition of the bulk of the papers was poor, many being worn and much mended, and very few of the pieces being in fine state.

The result showed itself in the prices obtained. Although the sums paid were in many instances substantial, they were in fact comparatively small, and fell far short of what would have been given had the documents been of as high a class as the catalogue set forth.

Why are the blunders of an auctioneer's catalogue accepted blindly, and retailed at length in the columns of the press without any question as to the correctness of the facts stated? An auctioneer's cataloguer is not an infallible oracle, and an amusing series of scraps might be gathered from the pages of even Messrs. Sotheby's lists. An instance occurred in the catalogue of a collection of books and manuscripts sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge on Wednesday, Dec. 13th. Lot 559 consisted of a copy of Lord Tennyson's 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical,' published by Effingham Wilson in 1830, the value of which was insisted upon by the cataloguer in the following note:—

"This volume possesses great and lasting interest, as it was the first work to which Tennyson put his name, and the interest

is very much intensified by the original intention it should be a joint publication containing also the Poems of Arthur Hallam—a memorial of friendship similar to the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge. This idea was given up at the suggestion of Hallam's father, and no copy of the complete book has hitherto occurred for sale. In the present copy, however, Hallam's Poems are included, and on the title-page has been added in MS. after Tennyson's name, 'and Arthur Hallam,' while on p. 1 of the second part has been written 'Poems by Arthur Hallam, Esqre.' In a note to Timbuctoo, Hallam refers to Tennyson's Prize Poem of the same name, and concludes it by saying, 'which most justly, in my opinion, adjudged the prize to the poem of my friend whose name is prefixed with mine to this volume.' Some partially erased pencil notes, indicating the persons to whom certain poems were addressed—Sir F. H. Doyle, J. Milnes Gaskell, Richard Milnes, etc., render it probable that the volume is a unique proof copy belonging to Hallam himself."

All very pretty, but entirely wrong; and yet the *Daily Chronicle* printed the note in full in its "Writers and Readers" column. When the 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical' were arranged in 1830, it was certainly *suggested* that the book should contain a selection of poems by both Hallam and Tennyson. But this suggestion was never adopted; Tennyson's poems were duly published by Effingham Wilson, whilst a collection of Hallam's verses were privately printed in a small octavo volume, which has now become a great rarity, and which very few persons have ever seen.

The volume sold at Sotheby's consisted of a poor and badly cut copy of the 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical,' *having bound up with it an equally poor copy of Hallam's 'Poems,'* this latter being imperfect, having no title-page. The "partially erased pencil notes" were most certainly *not* in Hallam's handwriting, and there was nothing whatever to justify the statement that "the volume was a unique proof copy belonging to Hallam himself." A "proof copy" it most certainly was not, and it was "unique" only to this extent, that it is unlikely that many copies of a rare book would have been mutilated and destroyed in such a fashion.

A far more interesting volume included in the same sale was a copy of the first edition of Gray's 'Elegy wrote in a Country Churchyard,' 1751, which was remarkable as being entirely uncut. Only two other uncut copies are known to exist, and one of these was obtained by its present owner some four or five years ago by a stroke of great good luck. He happened to be passing through Chancery Lane one day, and having a little time at his disposal, dropped into Messrs. Hodgson's Rooms, where a sale of books was in progress. At the moment of his entry some volumes of 4to tracts were being offered, and taking one of them in his hand, he opened it at random, and saw—a fine uncut copy of the famous Elegy! He bought the lot for a few shillings. The copy sold by Messrs. Sotheby realised £70.

The cricketing sketches by Mr. E. B. V. Christian, to which we referred in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN, will be published by Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol. Those who have seen the sketches believe they are likely to attract considerable attention, not only in cricketing circles, but in literary, as they are the work not only of a sportsman, but of a man with fine literary taste. The volume will contain some very amusing parodies (most of which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*) of Omar Khayyam and other poets, as well as "cricket sonnets." Several whimsical papers on the "Cricket of the Future," "Dr. W. G. Grace as a Limited Company," and an article on the "Poets of Cricket," will also be included. Mr. Christian published, in 1889, a volume entitled 'Lays of a Limb of the Law,' which was very favourably reviewed.

Mr. Irving Montagu, the well-known war correspondent, and author of 'Absolutely True,' has just finished a new novel.

A correspondent writes from the Hunterian Literary Club, Glasgow, to ask if any of our readers can inform the very anxious members of this club when they may expect to receive the concluding part of the "Bannatyne Manuscript," which has been in progress for these last six years.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is about to issue a new weekly entitled *Home Notes*. One of the features will be "Home Notes," similar to those which have proved so popular a feature in *Pearson's Weekly*. The editor will be the "Isobel" of *Pearson's Weekly*, assisted by Mrs. Ada S. Ballin and other well-known writers on periodicals for ladies.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, who is at present in New York, will leave shortly for a tour through Mexico. He will while there probably write a series of articles relating to his journey.

Miss Bessie Hatton, who, if we are not mistaken, is a daughter of Mr. Joseph Hatton, intends to publish before long, in volume form, the 'Story of the Convent and the Stage,' which she has been contributing to the *Gentlewoman* under the title of 'Enid Lyle.' The story appeared in the columns of the *Gentlewoman* as "By a New Writer."

Mrs. A. Diehl, author of 'Elsie's Art Life,' has ready for publication another novel, entitled 'A Double Checkmate.'

THE AUTOGRAPH SALES OF 1892-3.

(*Continued from page* 75.)

Longfellow (Henry W.). A. L. s. 2 pp. 8vo, to Mon. Achille Vogüé, dated Cambridge, Boston, May 8th, 1868, replying to a request for an autograph. He sends first verse of 'Excelsior.' Envelope. £1 8s.

Marie Antoinette (Queen of France). A. L. 1 p. 8vo, n. d. fine and very scarce. £5 10s.

Napoleon I. Signature "Bonaparte," on a letter addressed to him, 1 p. folio, fine specimen. 15s.

Newman (Cardinal). Four Letters, 7 pp. 8vo and 12mo, 1854-74, on interesting subjects. £2.

Nelson (Lord). A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to, dated Naples, Dec. 17th, 1798. £5 5s.

[Says he is sending a squadron to Egypt, and advises that "at least two sail of the Line and four frigates should assemble at Saint Jean d'Acre, for I know that is the place Bonaparte has ordered part of his fleet to go to ———. If I do not write so fully as could be wished, consider my one hand.]

Nelson (Lord). A. L. s. 3¼ pp. 4to, *Victory*, July 25th, 1805, to Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton, a fine and most important letter on naval matters, probably the finest example extant. £8 18s. 6d.

Newton (Sir Isaac). Doc. s. 24th Dec., 1718. £1 16s.

Penn (William). A. L. s. 4 pp. dated London, 26, 8mo, 85 (1685) to Phineas Pemberton, a member of Provincial Council, near Pennsberry or Pennsilvanea. He commends Phineas' prudence and fidelity, and warns him of danger of collisions with the King's officers. He hopes to get back to America in the following spring, but his next visit was in 1699. £15 15s.

Penn (William). L. s. 2 pp. folio, 16th Feb., 1700. Important document. Act of Convocation for the General Assembly of his province, most interesting, being written in America, portrait. £8.

Pitt (William). A. L. s. 4 full pp. 4to, from Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, 13th July, 1780, to Lord Westmoreland, an extremely fine and important letter written in his twenty-first year. £3 3s.

Poe (Edgar Allan). A. L. s. to Mr. Lewis, dated Nov. 27th, 1 p. 8vo, enclosing a sonnet embodying a riddle. This must refer to "An Enigma," which conceals the name Sarah Anna Lewis. £5 5s.

Pope (Alexander). Autograph Note in reference to Dr. Johnson, "London," with note on the back written by Dr. Percy in reference to it, dated 20th Jan., 1773. £2.

Ramsay (Allan). MS. of 'The Monk and the Miller's Wife,' 11 pp. folio. £4 15s.

Richardson (Samuel). A. L. s. to Miss Morris, dated London, Sept. 27th, 1758, 2 pp. 4to, interesting and scarce specimen. £6.

Richardson (Samuel). Very interesting A. L. s. 2 pp. 4to, to Edward Young (author of 'Night Thoughts'), dated Sept. 9th, 1749. He reproaches him for having modified the preface of the fourth night in the new edition of 'Night Thoughts,' and deplores the continued losses occasioned to Mr. Grover. He begs his correspondent to recommend him to the Duchess or Portland. £5 10s.

Robespierre (M.) Portion of a Document signed, signed also by Carnot. £1 1s.

Rossetti (Dante Gabriel). MS. of the title-page; preliminary sonnet commencing, "A sonnet is a moment's monument"; and forty-seven sonnets of 'The House of Life,' being numbers 1, 3, 5, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 64, 66, 74, 75, 76, 80, 81, 85, 89, 93, 96. £27

Rousseau (Jean Jacques). Autograph Letter. 3 pp. 8vo, 1757, interesting and scarce. £1 7s.

Scott (Sir Walter). A. L. s. 4 pp. 4to, dated Edinburgh, 20th Dec., 1819. £4 4s.
[Upon raising a company of loyal marksmen "in this crisis for Roxburghshire. And we will have shooting at the mark, and prizes and fun, and a little whiskey and daily pay when on duty or drill." Published in Lockhart's 'Life.']

Shelley (Percy Bysshe). MS. of "A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom." By the Hermit of Marlow. Title-page, and seventeen leaves, 4to, 1817. £135.
[This is one of the only two MSS. of complete books by Shelley known to be extant. A photo-lithographic *fac-simile* of it was issued by the Shelley Society in 1887.]

Shelley (Percy Bysshe). A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to, to Thomas Peacock, dated Leghorn, Sep. 21, 1819. £19 10s.

Smith (Adam) A. L. s. 4 pp. 4to, Glasgow, 4th April, 1760, to Strahan, his publisher. £9.
[A magnificent letter, teeming with interest. He refers to his first publication, 'The Theory of Moral Sentiments.' Also to the Pope, the Pretender, Benjamin Franklin, etc., etc.]

Smollett (Tobias) A. L. s. 1 p. 8vo, to W. Strahan, dated Chelsea Monday, Oct. 24. £6.
[Says he will preface D. R——'s MS. for the press. Complains that "it is a very hard case that I should be troubled with duns, for very small sums, when there are actually £1,500 at the most moderate computation due to me at Jamaica."

Steele (Sir Richard) A. L. s. to Ambrose Phillips, dated Bloomsbury Square, February 6th, 1714, 1 p. 4to. £7 7s.
["I desire you would make my excuse that I cannot be at the club . . . I will, as well as I am able, do justice to the best men in England on Tuesday," a good specimen and unpublished.]

T. J. WISE.

On Wednesday and Thursday, November 29th and 30th, the Library of the late John Bouch, Esq., J.P., was sold by auction at the Hanover Gallery, Liverpool. Among the more important items were:—

Yarrell's British Birds, 3 vols., calf. £8.
The Harleian Miscellany of Curious Tracts, etc., 12 vols., morocco. 1808. £5 15s.
The English Dance of Death. Plates by Rolandson. 2 vols. 1815. £2 15s.
Les Metamorphoses d'Ovide, 4 vols. Plates by Moreau, etc. 1806. £13.
Sir Joshua Reynolds' Portraits, etc., morocco. £11.
Roberts' Egypt, Nubia, and the Holy Land, 6 vols., plates. £13.
Bewick's British Birds, 2 vols., large paper. 1804. £7 5s.
Bewick's Quadrupeds, large paper. 1807. £4 15s.
Bewick's Select Fables, large paper. 1820. £4.
Bewick's Fables of Æsop, large paper. 1818. £7.
Hugo's Bewick Collector, 2 vols., large paper (Hugo's additions in MS.). £5.
Bonnord's Costumes Historiques, 2 vols., coloured plates. 1844. £6.
Shaw's Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, large paper, coloured plates. £22.
Shaw's Illuminated Ornaments from MSS. of the Middle Ages. £7.
Howitt's Foreign Field Sports, coloured plates. £4.
Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France, 3 vols. £3 3s.
L'Artiste, 1859-1870, 30 vols. £6 15s.
Humphrey's Illuminated Illustrations to Froissart, 2 vols. £12.
Dibdin's Bibliographical Tour in France and Germany, 3 vols., uncut. £12 10s.
Dibdin's Bibliographical Decameron, 3 vols., morocco. £13 10s.
Dibdin's Northern Tour, 2 vols. £4 10s.
Lever's Novels, 34 vols., plates. £9.
Hamerton's Etching and Etchers, 1st edition. 1868. £7 7s.
Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Persons, 12 vols. £17.
Richardson's Borderer's Fable Book, 8 vols., morocco. £5 10s.
Ackermann's History of Eton, Winchester, etc. £5 10s.
Ackermann's University of Oxford, 2 vols. £7.
Ackermann's Westminster Abbey, 2 vols. £6 5s.
Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum, ed'ted by Ellis and Boudinel, 8 vols. 1846. £23.
Lavater's Physiognomy, 5 vols. 1792. £5 15s.
Westwood's Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages, coloured plates. 1849. £8.
Waring's Masterpieces of Industrial Art and Sculpture, 3 vols. £4.
Britton's Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, 4 vols., large paper, morocco. £7 10s.
Prescott's Historical Works, 12 vols. 1878. £5.
Alison's History of Europe, 14 vols., calf. £6.
Lord Bacon's Works, edited by Spedding. 1870. £4.
Tennyson's Works, 7 vols., morocco. 1877. £5.
Mrs. Inchbald's British Theatre, 25 vols., calf. £5.
Ruskin's Stones of Venice, 3 vols., half-morocco. 1874. £7 10s
Ruskin's Modern Painters, 5 vols., half-morocco. 1873. £12.

POETRY.

THE CAPTIVE POLAR BEAR.

His dam lay, powerless now to help,
White fur on snow with one red stain;
A sailor caught the snarling whelp
Who never swam the seas again.

Huge now, he lies behind the bars,
Poked at with schoolgirls' parasols;
Too soft to face the winds and stars
That freeze above the icy poles.

Mangy and yellow toothed and old
He lies, and lolls an inky tongue;
Yet in his brain's most inward fold
Still lives the world where he was young.

For still he keeps the sharp fish-head,
The sloping shoulder, the round limbs,
To cleave the water, for the dread
Of all that by the icefield swims.

Still upon keen, clear frosty days
There comes a tingle in his blood,
Inklings of his forefathers' ways,
Of prey and battle in the flood.

He scents the blood of what they slew,
He dreams, what he can never feel,
How the snatched salmon quivers through,
And how they tore the oily seal.

Forward and backward, like the tide,
With ceaseless motion shambling slow,
He sways himself from side to side,
As if he rode the rocking floe.

Or in his tank—how cramped and small
After wide waters of the pole!
Contemptuously from wall to wall
He surges with great porpoise-roll.

He loves no keeper's hand; cold rage
Haunts him for ever in his cell;
Thus far he keeps his heritage,
Tameless and unapproachable.

S. L. GWYNN.

THE READER.

R. L. STEVENSON PICTURES.

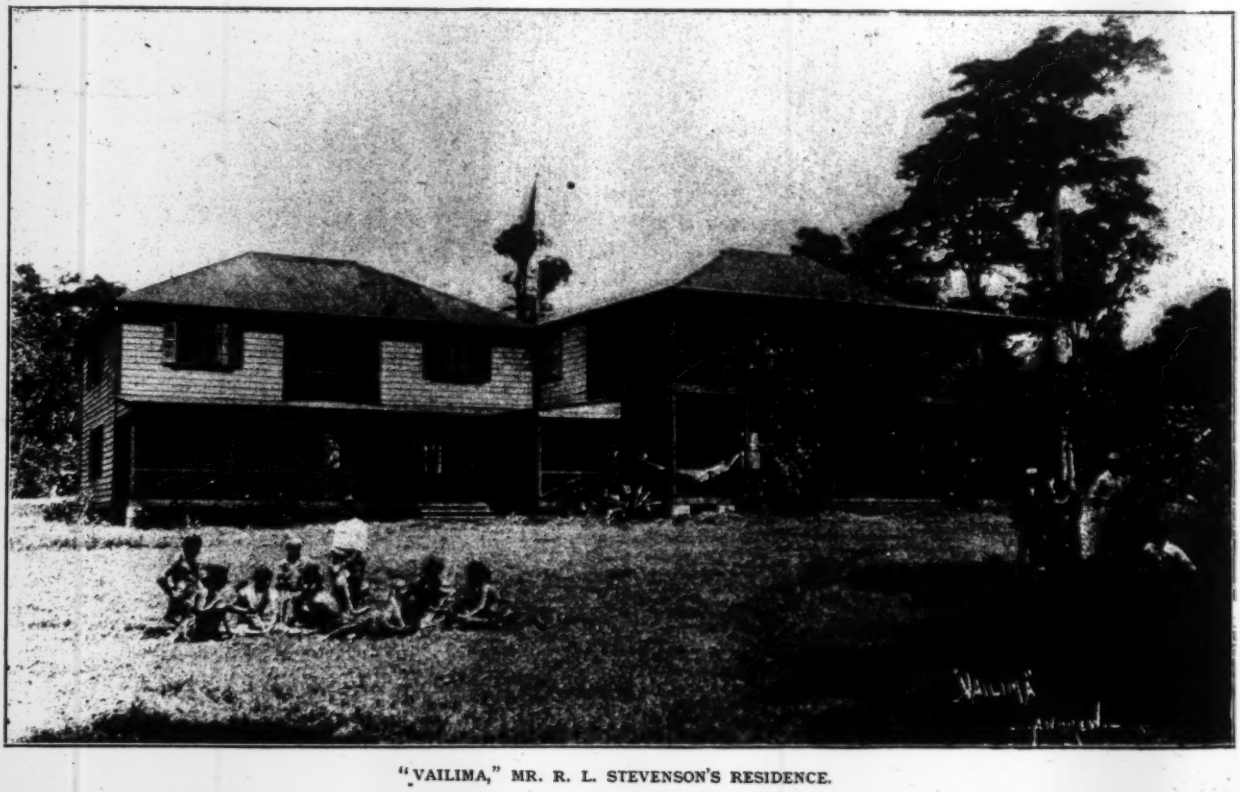
THE picture of Vailima, the residence which Mr. R. L. Stevenson has built for himself in Apia, Samoa, will be of interest to our readers. It has been specially reproduced for the BOOKMAN from the original photograph. The early portraits of Mr. Stevenson which we give are also from blocks which have not before been used in this country.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON (AGE 6).

MR. R. L. STEVENSON (AGE 15).

MR. R. L. STEVENSON (AGE 20).

MR. R. L. STEVENSON (AGE 25).



"VAILIMA," MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S RESIDENCE.

A WISE WOMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME STILL LIVING IN A SUFFOLK VILLAGE (1892).

[*Scene in a lonely cottage—Old woman and grand-daughter living there—Extracts from conversations held with the Wise Woman of the village and the Squire's daughter —Young lady at door.*]

Lork, now! if I dint frame to think that was my hin a scrapin'! Du come in, Miss Rosy! Bless yar pretty face! an how is the lady at the Hall? Ah! thank her du, for that bufful bit o' beef; how I shall like that to-morrow for my dinner!

Sall! come you forrud an' bring a plate tew lar that on! An' mind you kiver that up; don't the cat'll ha' it, sure enough.

Du come, Miss Rosy, an' set close to me. I'm on my eighty-eight, an' I don't fare tew hare as well as I did. You see, miss, I ha' the misery in my owd hid that bad that I scurse know nothin' at times. How I cum to kotch that sooo bad was when I went to the spinning school. You see, miss, there wus a sight o' wheels alust a twirling and a turning about, an' that made sich a wind. My hid wornt as strung as them other morthers as went there. You see, my father he fell off of a waggon onter his head, an' lorks! they thought he wus dead; but he cum tew, he did. But that's nathere here now there. Now what wos that you asked me about, miss? Ah! them ghosteses, that was it! Poor things! Why, I've bin in an' out o' them all my life! I don't recken much of they ghosteses! Why, they can't nather brew nor bake; but lork! there's no end to their frimmucks and kenivers,* I can tell you. You never know what they'll be up tew next.

Well, miss, as I was a going to say, my darter Bet she was a wonful masterful sort of a gal, an' she must gooo an' marry that Jim Sims. He never was no good, and he turned out as bad as bad could be; an' lork! if he dint go an' drink hiself to dead in a year an' a day!

Soo she cum back to me, she an' her baby, and she lar in the rom next to mine. Well, one night she cum to my bedside all of a flutter an' a dither, an' I says I—

"Gal, what's the matter?"

"Matter!" says she, "O lork! if I dint hare Jim as plain as plain could be a callin' out, Bet! Bet! Bet! I wus that skared, but I dint sar nothin'." I says I, "Gal, gooo you an' lar down agin; an' if that hollar out agin you must up an' arnser that, an' sar, 'What du you want?'" Well, sure enough, as soon as she lar down of her bed again she hard that call out louder, "Bet! Bet! Bet!" so she up an' said, "What du you want," an' that said, as plain as plain could be—

"Gooo you to the owl shod; mind you gooo right alone, an' gooo when the old moan is up; don't you take no light along of you. You must take my pick, an' gooo to the left side o' the shod, an' then you count thirteen bricks in the wall from the arth, an' take the pick an' pull out that brick you'l find a puss o' gowd."

Well, Bet, she kum an' towd me, and I says I, "Gall, you gooo an' du jest as he towd you! Don't you want find nothin'!"

But lork a sarsay! My Bet she was that masterful she cout gooo that night, howsundever, for that was morning then. But the next night if she dint gooo an' get that Morther Kitty Flanam to gooo along of her! She fared skerred to gooo all alone!

Well, they went to the owd shod, an' she counted her bricks, an' when she cum to thirteen, she up an' took the pick, and she huled out the brick fast enough. But lork! when that brick cum out, if there was nothin' behind that but a few rusty owl nails!

All the time they was a doin' of this they heard horrid noises and smelt a dreful smel o' sulpher.

When Bet cum back an' towl me all this, I says I, "Gall, look you hare, you should ha' done just as that towl you, an' you'd had your puss o' gowd in your hand now. Now, I warrant we shall have no manner o' rest, night or day, for that varmint of a ghost."

Well! I never spok' a trewer wud! If that dint come a roaring an' a rampin' round the hous' night an' day, an' a callin' of Bet down the chimley, till I cout stan' that nooo longer.

Sooo I says I, "Lork a sarsay me! Bet, gooo you an' arst the parson to cum an' lar this owl ghost. An', gall, look you hare, tell him too be sure to goo an' bring the Wud* along of him; dont he cout du nothin'!"

Well, he cum, an' he kinder held back. Poor dear old gentleman, he wus a wunful *gust* man; he wout hut a fly. But lork! I du believe he dint know a pig from a ship, though he wus mighty high-larned. Well, I towd him I wus right ill, along of being kep' awake by a nastur owd ghost, an' I prayed him to lar that. Well, miss, I du hope he wus not a laughen, but he looked out o' the winder kinder permeritatin' like, till I fared right angry, an' I up and says, "Sir! what use is all that high larnin' as you got off of College, if you can't even lar a poor ghost, says I." Sooo when it kum tew I had tew tell him what to du.

"Why, sir," say I, "you have for tew say the Lord's Prayer backards way, with the 'Wud' under yar arm."

Well, he said the prayer to hiself; but lork! I cout hare if he had right ater all!

"Now, sir," says I, "you must cum along of me." Sooo out we went, an' says I, Now, sir, you hare that old ghost a howlin' an' a roaring about the house. Well, you have just to call out as loud as ever you can—

'How woll yar be laid?'"

Well, the roaring an' the howlin' went on wus when I sar this.

But he did call out goud tidy loud—

"How woll yar be laid?"

But drottel him if he dint sar he dint hare nothin'! Howsomdever, he wus as deaf as a stone; dont he would ha' heard the owd ghost hollar out—

"I'll be laid by fire an' water!"

"Bet," says I, "goo you in an' bring a rushlight candle an' the tinder box and matches."

"Now, sir," says I, "du you see this hare ditch?"

"Yes," says he, "I du."

"Well, now, sir, that ghost say that 'll be laid by fire an' water. Soo look you hare, this is the manner of it.

"You must take the candle in yar hand lighted, and you must jump right over that there ditch. But mind you jump quick, or the owd ghost that 'll ketch a houd of you!

* For queer ways and tantrums (old Suffolk).

* Bible.

Well, as you jump you must throw that candle inter the water. You must kop it right behind you, an' as that *snaste* (wick) of that candle gooo out, why that ghost that 'll be laid safe an' sure!

"But lork! mind you jump quick, an' keep the blessed Wud tight under yar arm!"

Well, the poor old gentleman war right feared of jumpin'. (That were a wide ditch, that were.)

But at last he ketched a howd o' the candle an' he lep' over. But lork! if he dint throw that candle afore him instud of behind, an' he dint jump half quick enough, so the owl ghost caught a howd of him—that caught a hode of his arm; an' then, lork! how that roared round; but as soon as that candle was in the water, that hissed like an oud sarpent, an' that went out all of a blue flame, an' such a smell o' sulpher there wus!

The poor old gentleman was wholly done; howsondever, we cout help that.

Bet an' I we went round by the gate, an' when we come to him, there he lar in a swand.

Bet an' I we kinder carried him inter the cottage, and guv him a little gin, an' ater an' hour or so he cum tew.

But his poor arm, that was all scrunched up of his side, an' that never cum right—never no more tew his dyin' day; an' when he lar of his coffen, that was scrunched up just the same.

You see, miss, he dint du what I toud him. If he hed kopt that candle behind him, as he lep', you see, the oud ghost that *must* ha' been "laid" when the candle went out in the water, but forby he kopt that before him the oud ghost that passed him an' ketched a houd of him.

Howsumdever, my Bet an' I, we never heard no more of the oud ghost—that were "laid," sure enough; but my Bet she went off an' took a place, an' then if she dint goo an' marry the tea-man—he cum round every month a sellin' tea! Drottel the man! we dint want no tea in them days, a wasting money on such stuf. But there, I got to like that right enough before long.

Well, the tea-man he had a cart, an' he druv about the cuntry from week end tew week end, an' his wife were dead, and he asked Bet to marry him, but he wunt have the child, sooo I kep' that.

Well, miss, that gal du mind me o' what I was at her age. My mother she was what they call "a wise woman," an' she taught me a deal, she did. Folks cum to her for to be cured o' all mander o' what, an' she never so much as took a penny off of any one. An' she never would let they gooo for to thank her when they got well. She towd them that was all done by "one up a top," soo accordingly they must thank Him an' pray to Him as she did when they cum to her.

An' bein' as you ha' bin sooo kind to me, Miss Rosy, I'll larn you a few o' the things she taught me.

(Only you can't du nothin' till I'm dead an' buried!) Then sooo be.

If anyone cum to you for to be cured of a burn, you must take a hode of the part that's burnt, an' then draw the forefinger of your right hand round the burn three times three, you must!

An' you must sar to yourself as you du this—

"There cum two angels out o' the East,
One brought fire an' one brought frost;
Out fire! in frost!
In the name of all the heavenly host."

They must cum three times to you, an' you du the same; but you marnt tell um what you sar, an' they marnt thank you, dont that 'out du they a mite o' good.

If any folks cum to you with a thorn or a splinter o' wood in um, you must ketch a hode of the part where the wood is, an' you must say to yourself (after you've drawn your finger round the place three times three times)—

"The Saviour Christ was born,
Crucified by a thorn;
The thorn was blessed,
An' so was He,
Never more to trouble thee."

You must du this four days runnin', and that will be sure to be cured, that will! Only thy marnt pay you nothin'.

There cum a poor man to me once, in a wonful low key he were. He'd got a splioter in his hand, right by his thumb. That were his right hand an' all! Well, he went to three doctors, an' none of um count du nothin'; they say to him, "If we cut inter yar hand you'll ha' lock-jaw."

That was harvest-time, an' the poor man he had fifteen children, an' he arnt eight shilling a week; an' lork! how his poor wife cried—she cum along of him to me. Well, I took to doctorin' of him my way; an' the swellin' that went down, an' his hand that got right well, an' he took his harvest an' never worked better in his life. Ah, lork, miss! you never would believe the sight o' folks I ha' cured, some o' one thing an' some of another. But, O dear! I was strong then, an' now I fare that wake I'm all of a dither an' a quither, and my breath that cum sooo hard, an' that is that short, I don't fare to feel as if I han't no inside at all to spake of. An' I'm sure I du my best fur to keep myself tewgether. Why, miss, I take a good dose o' salts every mornin' as soon as I git up, right on the top o' my heart! But I marnt talk no more now, Miss Rosy; you cum agin soon, du, an' I'll larn you how to cure the agar, and the jaundice, an' a sight o' other things. O dear a me! how my breath that du ketch up. What a thing that is tew grow oud!

But lork! I marnt talk o' bein' oud. There's old Jack Debvin on his ninety-five, an' he can crack a nut as well as anyone, an' ate that tew; and there's old Susan Cropin, if she ain't ninety-eight. They du say as she never had no sweetheart; she's as kedge as a rat, an' as cross as tew sticks, too!

Well, good-bye, miss. I see that handsum Mr. Danford gone a-riding by just now; I warrnt he gone tew the Hall, an' I must't keep you, miss.

Ah! bless you miss, and thank you; that is kind! I shall get a little comfort for my rheumatism.

I can't git up tew make my obedience, miss; don't I would, Miss Rosy, you know!

Good-bye, miss!

L. A. FISON.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POEMS.

IT is long since there has been an event in poetry to thrill the most susceptible poetic bosom. We have come to recognise that it is the end of the century, and the end of a long and starry procession of poets, and we are perforce content with our craftsmen of small conception and exquisite detail. Of our young men there is scarce one whose poetry is not feminine, had not better in a sense been the production of a woman, and she of no nobler masculine qualities in intellect or heart. Browning was the last great masculine mind in poetry, and there need not be his ruggedness of method to emulate his manliness of heart. Indeed, of all English ages of poetry the Elizabethan is the most manly, yet every accomplished courtier of them was twanging a silver lute, every one sighing golden sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow. But how gallant, how adventurous, how redolent of a reign when Spanish galleons full of treasure were on the high seas, and a New World to be discovered at every point of the compass! Those love-songs seem right on the lips of Raleigh and Sidney; how often now-a-days one feels that the Muse is too feminine, and that this baring of secrets ill becomes a man.

To read Mr. Francis Thompson's 'Poems,' then, is like, setting sail with Drake or Hawkins in search of new worlds and golden spoils. He has the magnificent Elizabethan manner, the splendour of conception, the largeness of imagery. Coming out of some of these poems, with their extraordinary wealth of imagination, is like leaving a treasure-house to face the unimaginative day. He exacts so much that I doubt he will ever be in any sense a popular poet. Not he who runs may read these thoughts and images. He is like Crashaw, but a Crashaw of a wider range, and now and again, in aerial sweep, he is like Shelley.

Mr. Thompson uses words of a noble ancestry. One of the faults of his great qualities is an over-abundant use of stately words. "A Judgment in Heaven" has certainly an overplus of them. Sometimes words and fancy both run riot, till the inspiration becomes frenzy, and loses at once its loftiness and its dignity. But not for long: in a poem which opens with some indiscretion, "A Corymbus of Autumn," the measure presently passes from a Bacchante's chant into a strain so solemn-sweet as this:

> "See how there
> The cowlèd night
> Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.
> What is this feel of incense everywhere?
> Clings it round folds of the blanch-amiced clouds,
> Upwafted by the solemn thurifer,
> The mighty spirit unknown,
> That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered Throne?"

But the poem which seems to me the most lucent and perfect in the book is "The Hound of Heaven." This parable of the pursuit of the soul by its eternal Lover is worthy in its thought of Crashaw, but Crashaw would have fallen short of the splendour of its execution. Let any read it with a reverent heart, and if he be not silent, awe-stricken, amazed at its conclusion, then is he insensible to some of poetry's grandest flights. The fear, the terror of the flight, the swift passage through worlds and space, the unrelenting, steady pursuit, the despair, the hopelessness, are as magnificent as the tenderness at the close is heart-constraining. If Mr. Thompson had only written this, one might yet make extravagant claims for him. I let the poem to some extent speak for itself.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from him and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside)
But if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it too,
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars
Smiting for shelter on their changèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept smoothly fleet
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet,
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

The poem continues at this great level with now and then almost audacious grandeur of imagery:

> "I knew how the clouds arise
> Spumèd of the wild sea snortings;
> All that's born or dies
> Rose and drooped with them—made them shapers
> Of mine own moods or wailful or divine—
> With them joyed and was bereaven.
> I was heavy with the even
> When she lit her glimmering tapers
> Round the day's dead sanctities."

And again:

> "In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
> I shook the pillaring hours
> And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears
> I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—

My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding.
. . . . . .
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds,
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity,
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again."

All through the poem sounds hauntingly the refrain, till it ends:

"Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest,
Thou dravest love from thee when thou dravest Me.'"

Rumour says that Mr. Thompson has served as strange an apprenticeship to his art as Savage or Chatterton. But it is early for personalities about him. I trust that his own words have proved for me that my words of him are not taken in vain, are used in the fullest apprehension of their significance, and of all of faith they involve.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

NEW BOOKS.

MICHEL'S REMBRANDT.*

It is daily becoming more apparent that the improvement in process-engraving threatens the supremacy of many illustrated monographs whose position had seemed unassailable. For in these the copyist, if good, was rarely able to merge his identity entirely, and, if a merely mechanical imitator, produced very feeble paraphrases of his subjects. Even such wonderful woodcuts as those Bonner and Byfield executed from Holbein's "Dance of Death," are not so valuable for purposes of reference as good photographic engravings; and when, as in the case of Amand-Durand's marvellous reproductions, an artist controls the mechanical details of the photographic process, the result sometimes is not merely as good as an impression from the original plate, but actually preferable to any but a fine proof. The literature of Rembrandt it seemed had already attained finality. The volumes of Bartsch, the superb 'Catalogue Raisonné,' of Charles Blanc, and the reproductions by Amand-Durand, with Mr. Seymour Haden's "critical reconsideration," seemed almost to exhaust the subject. Yet, with all these beside me as I write, I cannot but be conscious that if they are not replaced by the two sumptuous quarto volumes just issued in an English edition, they are at least incomplete until Michel's 'Rembrandt' be added. Without dethroning the volumes we had hitherto prized as among the most valuable treatises in the whole literature of the arts, this work arrogates an importance which the experience of years of reference can alone grant fully, or withhold. For a cyclopædia—and the monograph, although restricted, to the work of a single man, can hardly be regarded as a mere treatise—may not be adequately reviewed in a few lines. To collate its facts and compare each illustration with those in its predecessors might well fill a whole number of this magazine. Therefore we may accept Mr. Wedmore's excellent introduction to M. Emile Michel's work, and agree with him that if the work does not supersede all previous books, it at least presents at a wonderfully cheap rate, an admirable substitute for a good many costly and difficult to procure, and may well satisfy the needs of any but a profound expert, who is never content but when he has access to every available authority on his pet subjects.

Sixty-seven full-page plates in photogravure and colours, and two hundred and fifty blocks in the text, offer more or less admirable reproductions of the master's work. That each one taken separately surpasses any previous attempts cannot be said. The plate of "Burgomaster Six" in Mr. Haden's 'About Etching,' several in Blanc, and especially some of the separate plates by Amand-Durand, appear to me finer than any here; yet the value of their presence in a complete text more than atones for their inequality, and their really high level of excellence may be readily conceded. Some few of those in the French edition have been withdrawn, and a number inserted in their stead chiefly from English collections. Mr. Wedmore gives cogent reasons for this exchange: yet so greedy is a student of the subject, that he can but wish the additions had not been gained at the cost of omissions. It would be very pleasant courtesy on the part of the French publishers if they would issue the suppressed plates in a fasicule by themselves, that they could be purchased for insertion in the English version.

Briefly, then, we may claim for this admirable book that it is an essential work for all artists and art lovers; that it is the last word on the subject, gathering up all that has gone before; and that it gives for two guineas a collection of facsimiles which are extremely valuable documents. For few amateurs can hope to collect the originals. The magnificent impression of "The Three Trees" in Mr. Carter's (New York) collection cost, I believe, over six hundred guineas, and money alone could not bring together the originals of the etchings illustrated here, since they rarely come into the market. It would be a capital plan to collect the various reproductions already referred to, to add the facsimiles issued by the Chalcographic Society, and with these and others from many sources to extra illustrate this monograph until it was a Rembrandt gallery well-nigh exhaustive. Such a task is not beyond a moderate expenditure of time and money; even a few fair original impressions of less valuable etchings might be reasonably hoped for. To the student of the present day to suggest so much devotion to the work of a single artist, even if that artist be Rembrandt, may sound tedious and unprofitable advice; yet, like Beethoven or Dante, he is placed for all time, or at least for the remainder of our present order of civilization; and to know Rembrandt thoroughly is a worthy pursuit, which might well forgive ignorance of many lesser artists. As this side of the book will appeal to the largest number, into its technical aspects we need not enter here; to breathe the name of Ferdinand Bol would alone provoke a tempest of conflicting opinions, of burning interest to experts, and absolutely uninteresting to the ordinary reader.

Is Rembrandt appreciated even yet at his true value? One doubts it. Were a number of his finest etchings priced at twopence each on a bookstall, unless a collector passed, it is extremely uncertain whether at the end of a day any one would have attracted sufficient appreciation from the man in the street to tempt him to expend twopence. Therefore, if an art-lover wonders if he would be justified in spending as many guineas on this monograph, let him buy it first and decide after that it was a very wise purchase, one full of enjoyment, and capable of arousing an enthusiasm in a worthy cause; since if art is not confined within the bounds of Rembrandt's genius, there is no doubt that the mighty master is confined within the narrow limits of the highest art. And now space is exhausted, and no word of gratitude to Mr. Frederic Wedmore is included; yet his discreet editing and delightful introduction deserved more praise than a few words can express, although these few are hearty enough.

GLEESON WHITE.

* 'Rembrandt: his Life, his Work, and his Time.' By M. Emile Michel. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. 2 vols. (London: Heinemann.)

OUR VILLAGE.*

"Miss Mitford, who was so delighted with the drawings by Mr. Baxter, should have lived to see the charming glimpses of rural life we owe to Mr. Thomson." So says Mrs. Ritchie in the charming preface which she has written

* 'Our Village.' By Mary Russell Mitford. With an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

for this edition. Never, indeed, has Mr. Thomson's hand been surer, never has he seemed to walk more of his own accord in the footsteps of the writer he is illustrating. Miss Mitford is delightfully suggestive for an illustrator, if so be his pen was made in England. The glory of this book is

FROM 'OUR VILLAGE.'

rightly Mr. Thomson's, for Miss Mitford's praise has been put to her credit long ago. But let careful persons pondering over the purchase of the book not forget to add to the sum on the advantages' side Mrs. Ritchie's essay. Of course they can extract passages from the Harness biography for themselves, but they could not by themselves interpret Miss Mitford's personality with such vividness and sympathy. Mrs. Ritchie knows her and her work so well, the hard-worked woman of letters poor and harassed, yet ever with the "constitutional buoyancy, the aptness to hope, the will to be happy."

MISS BARLOW'S 'BOGLAND STUDIES.'*

Lovers of poetry will be very glad to welcome a new edition of the volume of stories in verse which first told us a new genius was come amongst us. Yet Miss Barlow's work will interest more than the class to whom poetry appeals. It is safe to say that the philanthropist or the political student interested in the eternal Irish problem will learn more from Miss Barlow's twin volumes than from a dozen Royal Commissions and a hundred blue-books. It is a very remarkable thing that this intimate knowledge and sympathy should have come not to a writer face to face from childhood with Irish poverty, but to one debarred by circumstances from entry into any save the most remote relations towards the life she depicts. Yet to anyone who knows the life thoroughly, the truth of her work is amazing. Hers is the harvest of a quiet eye and ear, supplemented by genius. This new edition of 'Bogland Studies' comes to us with its old deformities of brogue made straight. There is an additional poem, "The Curlew's Call," worthy of its fellowship with the others, but nothing of an advance. Indeed, in her special *genre* Miss Barlow is so good that she could not well be bettered. Hers is the work of one who served a very patient apprenticeship to her art, and who rejected the work of her hand, year after year, till a good inspiration came upon her to publish 'Bogland Studies.' It was significant of her hiddenness that we who had lived all our lives within hearing of the same church bells should have been absolutely in the dark as to "J. Barlow's" identity. One reads 'Bogland Studies' now with a keener interest by the light of 'Irish Idylls.' Poems and prose have the same qualities, the extraordinary insight, the great pathos, the simple power; and even in the melancholy poems there are indications of the humour that shows a rare, delightful face in the Idylls. The same vivid power of putting a whole scene, a whole world of pathos in a line or a sentence is common to prose and poetry. Such a touch is that about the old mother in "Walled Out":

"All of a heap she was crouched be the hearth that was black as your grave,
For clane gone out was the fire; and her ould head never 'ud lave
Thrimblin' on like a dhrop o' rain that's ready to fall from the row,
The faster it thrimbles an' thrimbles the sooner it is to go."

And again:

"'twas a dhrary wild day
In the could heart o' March whin the wind keeps a keen like a dog gone astray."

But the book is full of such dramatic things. By the way, the analytic peasant of "Walled Out" is Miss Barlow's one mistake. Take his existence for granted, and the poem afterwards is full of power and beauty. But he is quite impossible. You might find him sitting at the shoemaker's bench of a country town, or perhaps by a stretch of imagination you might place him in the Workmen's Club of Dublin, Cork, or Waterford. But such thoughts are rather the thoughts of the University professor's daughter, and never grew under an Irish peasant's caubeen. "The Souper's Widow" is much truer to life from a theological point of view, for the Irish peasant realises the punishment of sin as luridly as he finds tangible the glories of heaven. But it is the one loss in Miss Barlow's work that she knows nothing of the religion which is so strong and vital an element in the lives of the Irish peasants. If she did but know and represent that element, then would we hail in her confidently the Irish novelist we have been expecting so long. It is not inconceivable that if she tried to depict this element her genius of sympathy might in this, as in other things, stand in place of knowledge. Miss Barlow's poetry is more melancholy than her prose, for her humour finds no free utterance in it. But when all is said and done, her very melancholy purifies and lifts up the spirit. It is never such melancholy as makes the soul cry out, "You hurt me!" How much of the spirit is in these lives, how little of the body. Naked and hungry and cold, they are idylls of faith and innocence. How spiritual in an age when those who would paint for us the lives of the little and earth-born in other countries, bid us look down and see how the swine wallow. It is Ireland once again, in her rags and poverty a beacon light to the world, as when she was mother of missionaries and patroness of learning.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* 'Bogland Studies.' By J. Barlow. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THE RISE OF OUR EAST AFRICAN EMPIRE.*

The name of Blackwood is a guarantee that these two handsome volumes leave but little to seek in the ways of paper, print, and ornamentation of binding, which last, following the fashion of all works, whether of fact or fiction, which have concerned Africa, from 'King Solomon's Mines' onward, is sumptuous with the familiar red, black, and gold. The first beauty to arrest the eye, at the very outset of perusal, is a Velasquez-like and really admirable portrait of the gallant author, and we hasten to say at once that Captain Lugard looks as if he would be, like Colonel Hay's Jim Bludso, "an awkward man in a row." The picture presents all the outward aspect which proclaims the

* 'The Rise of Our East African Empire.' By Captain F. D. Lugard. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

man more finished in the large exercises of the sword than in the comparatively cramped and narrow play afforded by the pen—indeed, the author pleads his position as "one whose life has been more full of action (and plenty of action has the Captain seen, too) than leisure," as his "apology for defects of style and lack of literary merit." He further appears to have spent rather over a decade-and-a-half "far from libraries, and often even from periodical literature"; but in this latter we are not sure one is always to be pitied, though after all he probably means the newspapers.

To turn, however, to the much more serious considerations of the matter of Captain Lugard's book, there are, apparently, two preliminary objections which might be taken. It might be said that it is far too long, even in the telling of the material story one naturally looks for, and, in addition, that its undoubted discursiveness seems a hindrance when one wishes to get at the real kernel of the history. We are not sure, however, that either objection would be well founded. In the first place, the more facts, or statements, of whatever kind, the reader has to go upon, the better able he is to form a judgment on the actual methods of such a conquest (using the word in its original sense) of land as is here described; in the second, prolix and unnecessary as they may seem, details of the physical features of the country, of the ethnological peculiarities of its inhabitants, and of the opportunities it affords both for trade and sport with which the work abounds, and in fact is largely composed of, must always be interesting material for study to those who wish to form some clear conception of what East Africa really is.

We regret that space forbids us to proceed with any detailed examination of Captain Lugard's narrative. A great part of Vol. I. contains little which can be of absorbing interest to any large section of the public at the present day. It is all either ancient history or natural history, neither of them exactly thrilling subjects just now. We learn how, in 1887, the Lakes Company quarrelled with the Arab slave-dealers, and how Captain Lugard, who had just come to Africa to fight—for or against whom did not apparently matter—with one Mr. Monteith, of Glasgow, "actuated by very high principles" (which the Captain, honest man, could not quite reconcile with his dispensing powder to the slave-dealers in return for ivory), and others, prosecuted the war; and how finally, on the 22nd October, 1889, a treaty was concluded with the Arabs. This, sorrowfully adds our author, remains a dead letter to this day; and Mr. H. H. Johnston is likely enough to have some trouble in maintaining the Pax Britannica. The real interest begins with Captain Lugard's arrival at Mombasa the following year, and his setting out on the expedition whereof the memorable Report created such a stir when it was at length given to the English world. Into the rights or wrongs of the matter it is not our province to go, but we assure every appreciative reader that the Captain's narrative loses nothing by amplification. It reads like Cæsar's Commentaries. The mind's eye seems to behold this good man, like his celebrated military and literary prototype, calmly following his great work of unifying a continent, whether it wanted to be unified or not; vexed and thwarted now and then by dusky Allobroges and Parisii, who entertain on the subject of real property (especially their own real property) different views to those of the Captain. It is comforting to find, after recent outcries in this country, that the Maxim gun which accompanied the expedition was only a second-hand one, "same as" Mr. Stanley "shot" the equatorial savages with, and that "it was worn out and almost useless, nor had I any men who understood it." One is sorry, however, that the simple story about the Salt Lake is so obscured in the second volume. Salt is very precious to the African, and is exchangeable at great advantage throughout the whole Lake region, food and ivory ranking as products much lower in the scale of barter. As the Company had no treaty with the monarch or people to whom the Salt Lake belonged, it occurred to the Captain that it would be a good plan to march an army up out of Uganda (it lies far to the west of Uganda) and take it. So he marched up and drove out the king's deputy, Kukala, "and was enabled to halt here and build a fort," and his "men had as much as they could eat." The "natives of Kakule" (*i.e.*, the owners of the property) "I *allowed to collect* a great deal of salt *gratis*, in return for conveying me across the ferry, etc., but I also insisted on their bringing food for the garrison *in return for our guarding the salt*." Lugarding the salt were a happier definition. The very beautiful passages we have just quoted occur at page 120 of the Report, but the story is rather spoilt in the new edition. And Kabrega was "a curse to his country," but was that a good reason, no evidence being given for the statement, why a travelling trade agent should take his gold mine? For sheer good reading, give us the legends of the Captain's dealings with King Mwanga (Mr. Keltie, in a frenzy of admiration, dubbed them by the inadequate adjective "Cromwellian"), and that potentate's horrid distrustfulness of men and things British. The deplorable story of the disputes between the Protestant and Roman Catholic bodies, and the events they led to, is graphically told. We do not conceive it to be our function to criticise the course of conduct which resulted in the war which followed, or the conduct of that war on either side. We can but conclude by recommending, to all who are desirous, for whatever purpose, of acquiring a knowledge of how "Our East African Empire" (perhaps Captain Lugard is a little premature with his "Our") is being built up, these, on the whole, exceedingly well-written, admirably illustrated, and interesting volumes, which, for one's better guidance, are garnished by Mr. Ravenstein with such maps, as for dimensions and accuracy, must be a melody to Lord Salisbury's heart.

FROM 'THE RISE OF OUR EAST AFRICAN EMPIRE.'

W.

BIBLICAL ESSAYS.*

The contents of this volume, which has just been published by the Trustees of the Lightfoot Fund, all come under the head of New Testament Introduction. The first half, roughly speaking, deals with the Gospel of St. John; the second, with various Epistles of St. Paul. About a third of the whole has been in print already, and has the full weight of Lightfoot's authority; the rest is now printed for the first time "from lecture notes." Lightfoot's "notes" were apparently the briefest possible summary of his lectures; but by help of the note-books of men who heard him the editors have been able not only to interpret his outlines, but to print papers in which one is conscious of the breadth and lucidity which characterized the work of the great scholar himself. Perhaps it was hardly fair to publish essays like the second and third—on the external and internal evidence for the genuineness and authenticity of St. John's Gospel—which, as the preface tells us, would probably never have been published by Dr. Lightfoot himself; but students of St. Paul will be grateful for all the rest. They are all we are to have of the prolegomena which make Lightfoot's editions of St.

* 'Biblical Essays.' By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L. LL.D. (Macmillan.)

Paul unique. The one on the chronology of St. Paul's life and Epistles is a perfect lesson in the art of investigation; in the others we feel, as always with Lightfoot, that he not only misses nothing, but misses the meaning of nothing. He would be a rash man who ventured to decide positively in a case in which Lightfoot and Hort, after hearing and replying to each other, remained each of his own opinion; but the pleadings of two such experts, on the structure and destination of the Epistle to the Romans, have a value independent of the decision to which they lead. Lightfoot explained the textual peculiarities of Romans by the hypothesis that a shorter recension of the Epistle was published by Paul himself in which (1) the references to Rome in chap. i. were omitted; (2) chaps. xv. and xvi. were cut off; and (3) the doxology was introduced. Perhaps the papers which will be read with most curiosity are the one on the destination of the Epistle to the Ephesians, which Lightfoot identifies with the Epistle from Laodicea mentioned in Col. iv. 16, and the one on the life of St. Paul after the close of the Acts. But for fulness of knowledge and of interest none surpass the four which were intended to serve as excursuses in the commentary on Thessalonians. It is so far satisfactory to learn that while no other commentary is to be issued, a volume is still to be published with selections from what seems fullest and most valuable in Lightfoot's exegetical notes.

JAMES DENNEY.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY.*

Q. is here in all his moods, and in all his qualities, too, generally his best. But even when Q. is not at his best it never means bad workmanship, only occasional irrelevance. He does sometimes set up a conspicuous mark, bids you look, and then goes and shoots something else or nothing at all. Perhaps that is only a misunderstood corner of his cleverness. On reading through this very delightful volume some part of our pleasure is due to our recognition, in Cornish guise, of looks and tones that remind us of old and good friends. The fact is Q. has not set out to paint any distinct type of Cornish character. He knows his men and women too well to think he knows them altogether, or to think he can concentrate their essence into one single type, and if you are transported at times to other countries, and reminded of other writers, Q. is only proving his distinguished kinship, and not his servility. So in "When the Sap Rose" the pleasure is doubled by the flash of recollection with which it sends us back to our first reading of Daudet's 'Sous-préfêt aux Champs,' and by the piquancy of the difference between the two stories.

The hero of "When the Sap Rose" is a Registrar of Births and Marriages. "He wore a silk hat, a suit of black West of England broad-cloth, a watch-chain made out of his dead wife's hair, and two large seals that clashed together when he moved." "He threw the ugliest shadow in the landscape." But on his way through the combe to see his mother he was bewitched, and he did things very unbecoming to a silk hat and a suit of West of England broad-cloth. This, among other improper things, is what happened to him. "He issued on a small clearing by the edge of the brook, where the grass was a delicate green, each blade pushing up straight as a spear-point from the crumbled earth. Here were more anemones, between patches of last year's bracken, and on the further slope a mass of daffodils. He pulled out a pocket knife that had sharpened some hundred of quill pens, and looking to his right, found what he wanted at once. It was a sycamore, on which the buds were swelling. He cut a small twig, as big round as his middle finger, and sitting himself down on a barked log, close by, began to measure and cut it to a span's length, avoiding all knots. Then, taking the knife by the blade between finger and thumb, he tapped the bark gently with the tortoise-shell handle. And as he tapped his face went back to boyhood again, in spite of the side whiskers, and his mouth was pursed up to a silent tune. . . . Having proved his instrument, he dived a hand into his tail-pocket and drew out a roll, tied round with ribbon. It was the folded, leather-bound volume in which he kept his blank certificates. And spreading it on his knees, he took his whistle again and blew, reading his music from the blank pages, and piping a strain he had never dreamed of. For he whistled of Births and Marriages." It is a charming bit of humour and poetry. And it is none the less interesting because we seem to see two combes; in one sits the Registrar piping his boyish pipe, in the other the sous-préfet who, going to his official duties, forgot to compose his speech, and *faisait des vers* instead. In "The Spinster's Maying," and now and then in "Love of Naomi," we seem almost to be in New England in company with Miss Mary Wilkins' stern and unfestive heroines; while there is one story, "The Drawn Blind," which might have come straight from the hand of Hawthorne.

Perhaps Q.'s best quality is a certain vivacity of sight. His eye is open to all the meaning of passing incidents. Yet he does not embroider these, nor overweight them, but gets just at their essential truth. "Punch's Understudy," and "A Corrected Contempt," are made out of glimpses caught in railway trains. It is not so much the imagination in them as the control of the imagination that makes them so good.

The book certainly makes good Q.'s claim to be considered the most graceful of our writers of short stories. The vigour of "The Regent's Wager," the poetry of "The Conspiracy aboard the Midas," the bubbling humour of "St. Piran," the fine common-sense of the two sketches in "Parents and Children" can only be mentioned in passing in this brief notice. There is much charm, much delightful work, in 'The Delectable Duchy.' Q. never worries over a little thing trying to make it a big one. He may not always convince, but he does not bungle.

* 'The Delectable Duchy.' Stories, Studies, and Sketches. By Q. 6s. (Cassell.)

HAFIZ.*

"Need I say that they (the translations) make no attempt to swell the sum of Oriental scholarship?" So says the translator, but a reviewer who is not qualified to pick the scholarship to pieces has no right to shelter himself behind this modesty. Let his sole intention of pointing out a delightful treasure-house of poetry to readers who are not over spoilt in that way just now, bring him absolution for his presumption. Hafiz is to most of us but a name, shadowier far than that of Omar Khayam, who has perhaps grander and more universal moods, and who also had a great poet for his English interpreter. Yet Hafiz has had his translators too, and if some have been hopelessly stilted and bad, there was at least one literary version before Mr. McCarthy's. 'The Century of Ghazels,' published in London and Manchester in 1875, was a work deserving more recognition than it received. Mr. McCarthy's is more lyrical, and, speaking from the point of view of English poetry, it more generally falls on the inevitable word, but the other is not only respectable; it is often remarkable. The verse, "I weep in desire that by this torrent of tears I may cultivate in thine heart the germs of affection," Mr. McCarthy translates, "I weep in the hope that this torrent of tears may water the plant of love in thine heart," and the difference between these renderings runs all through the versions.

Doubtless a very good case could be made out for a mystical interpretation of Hafiz, and to translate "wine" into "devotion," and "tavern" into "oratory," and "perfume" into "hope of divine favour," gives you a meaning very sublime indeed. But taking him more literally, as a poet who sang of few things and these earthly, we must nevertheless own that these few are, in the land of poetry, eternal—the beauty of the human face, wine the child of the sun, the scent of the rose, the sound of the lyre. Turn to Hafiz in the hours when these make up the worth of the world to you, and do not quarrel with him—he will not quarrel with you but pipe to someone else—when your soul has intellectual yearnings he cannot satisfy. Let him have

* 'Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz.' Done into English by Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Nutt.)

an honoured niche to himself, for he is a great singer in his own kingdom. And he is not all indifference to your yearning. He has been a searcher too; he is worn out with the search:—"Our life is a riddle; the attempt to read it a delusion and a vain tale." He will search no more: he has found contentment: "A brace of good comrades, a flagon of wine, leisure, and a book, and a corner of the garden. I would not barter this state either for this world or that which is to come, although the multitude should unceasingly pursue me with its blame."

And indeed, what energy has he left for the searchings of philosophy? The beloved racks his body and mind; he waits continually for her favour. What a lover he is! "No one hath beheld thy face, and yet thou hadst a thousand watchers: thou art still in the bud, and yet thou charmest a thousand nightingales. When I come to thy street it seemeth in no wise strange; for many strangers like unto myself come to thy country." "The eyebrow of the beloved alone is my Mecca: what has the distracted heart to do with the Place of the Pilgrimage? Were I to want the beloved in this world, what should I care for Paradise and its changeless maidens?"

Yet his searchings have not all been in vain, nor his strivings after the beloved, nor his reflections in garden and tavern. He is very wise:—"The world is a beautiful bride to behold, but he who hath betrothed her hath given his life for her dowry." And, "From audacity and hypocrisy cometh no sweet smile." And again, "Be content with what thou hast received, and smooth thy frowning forehead, for the door of choice is not open either to thee or me." Not only wise is he, but shrewd. "Take matters upon thyself lightly, for it is the way of the world to lay burdens on him who is ready to do hard work." But half his wisdom is not the bitter fruit of experience. It springs from his *Lebenslust*, that unthinking gratitude of the whole being, which has been denounced as a temptation of devils though indeed it is a gift of the high gods. Enjoy when you can; "The bond of life is but a single hair!" "If, like the rose, thou hast a particle of gold in thy possession, for heaven's sake spend it on pleasure!"

But if his most exquisite imagery is at the service of his beloved, his most earnest eloquence is called out by the tavern, by his good and indiscreet friend, the cup-bearer. Wine in sorrow, wine in joy, wine to the sound of the lute, to the scent of the rose, is his desire. He has a moment's remorse perhaps. "I often put aside the cup with the purpose of repentance, but the glance of the cup-bearer does not encourage me." And it is so sure a friend. "On the day of death we may have to confide our woes to wine, for in such an hour we can put trust in no one." Above all, let there be no cant about it. "Go thy ways and revel in wine, and renounce hypocrisy! I shall wonder if thou canst learn of a more excellent way!" Very frank is this avowal; it alone is doubtless enough to drive many tender souls to seek a mystical interpretation for the words. Whether there be such or not, Hafiz hangs not his head, but looks in trust for his salvation. "Though Hafiz knocked at the door of offence and broke his faith, behold his grace, who came to my door with a message of peace." And, "Turn not away they feet from the bier of Hafiz, for though steeped in sin he may yet be welcomed in heaven."

G-Y.

GOBLIN MARKET.*

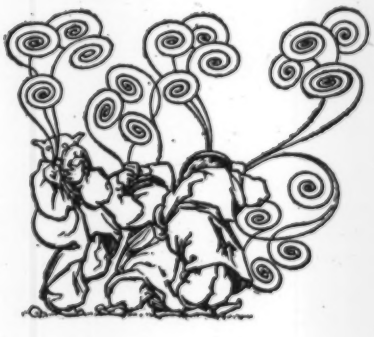
Artistic intelligence and artistic execution are happily not rare among us, as a glance at the illustrated books of the year will show; but such imaginative force as is found in Mr. Housman's illustrations to 'Goblin Market' must always be rare. Pictures, cover, and title-page are by him, and the whole is an artistic gem, homogeneous not only so far as these are concerned, but also because Mr. Housman seems to have received a special revelation how to interpret to the eye that wonderful, incalculable thing of pure poetry, pure genius, which Miss Rossetti once dreamt and wrote down as 'Goblin Market.'

* 'Goblin Market.' By Christina Rossetti. Illustrated by Laurence Housman. (Macmillan.)

From 'Goblin Market.'

GOBLIN MARKET

Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.



Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each

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SPECIMEN OF PAGE 'GOBLIN MARKET.'

HOOD ILLUSTRATED.*

Both editor and illustrator have had in mind "the witty and the tender Hood" of Landor's lines and of his own performances. Hood's fun gushed up irrepressibly, but it was not of the rollicking order, and this edition is altogether in sympathy with that fact. Canon Ainger's preface is just as it should be. The book is one for pleasure

FROM 'HOOD'S HUMOROUS POEMS."

and leisure; and in such you should not be expected to read biographical details. All you want by way of introduction is to have a phase or a mood of the writer under consideration held up to you by someone who is in full sympathy with him. How Hood's wit in small matters was great because he came to these from the higher ground of the poetic heart, is this editor's theme. Mr. Brock, at Hood's bidding, has been witty and tender too, and his hundred and fifty illustrations provide a lasting source of delight.

MEDIÆVAL RECORDS AND SONNETS.†

To set up an ideal, to plant it in the past, and then determine to convince the world that in reality it existed, by painting pictures of the past altogether in tone with the ideal, is perhaps as little promising for art and poetry as it is for truth. That mediæval enthusiast, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, has only now and again abated a jot of his purpose, which is to represent the middle ages as a lost Eden; and his stories and legends of The Cid, of Robert Bruce's Heart, of Joan of Arc, and Columbus, of Copernicus, run the risk therefore of being left for babes to feed on. Well, they would nourish noble babes, these tales of heroism, loyalty, honour, and piety. And we have no particular wish to quarrel with the writer's statement that "In communities as in the individual, it is fortunately often the best which is the most truly characteristic, and most rewards our respectful regard," if only we are allowed to hold that grown men find nourishment and inspiration in sins and failings as well as in saintliness.

But at times this mediævalist has forgotten his purpose, and has lapsed into real poetry, in, for example, "Pope Hildebrand Besieged in the Castle of St. Angelo by the Emperor Henry IV." Had Browning written it—a comparison with Browning inevitably suggests itself—he would have had no informing zeal, and would certainly have omitted much of what makes it a clear and intelligible story for those whose knowledge of history is hazy. But the humanity of the old pope he would never have better interpreted—

> "I am an arrow from the bow of God,
> Sped at a mountain beast.
> Those vassal priests
> Call me a dreamer. Hugo, you are none,
> Have seen no visions. I can guess the cause;
> Your whole life long is intellectual vision,
> The seeing of the life of spiritual things;
> We, men of action, when beside our hand
> There lies no act, see visions."

The poem is a great war song of the Church Militant.

> "Lift then God's besom in a stalwart hand,
> And cleanse God's threshing-floor! Abase the proud;
> Be terrible to heresy and schism,
> More terrible to tyranny and greed;
> Trample the robber-brood with feet blood-red,
> As His that treads His wine-press. Save God's Church
> Like Leo hurling back the Huns from Rome;
> So shalt thou live the lion of God's Tribe;
> So, life surceased, inherit on God's hills,
> Thine eyes fast fixed upon the Eternal Face,
> By Eden springs thine everlasting lair!"

In some of the devotional poems, "Saint Francis and Perfect Joy," "The Higher Purgatory,"—the condition where the only suffering is "a thirst for God unsated"—and in some of Saint Gertrude's hymns, the note of pure poetry is also present. But where Mr. de Vere most completely bursts the bands of his cramping purpose is in one or two of a series of sonnets on mediæval art. Those on Giotto's Campanile at Florence, and on A Picture of Correggio at Parma—"Paint thou the pearl gates of the Morning Star"—are worthy to keep company with our best English sonnets. Not only does the name "Old Pictures at Florence" again call up Browning, but the differences suggest comparison at every turn.

> "Thrice happy they who thus before men's eyes
> Restored the placid image of his prime"

is here ever the recurring note. Everywhere Mr. de Vere sees signs and symbols of the Incarnation—"Those God-like forms are men." He does not revel in the beauty: the beauty helps him in his prayers. The friends of art have been, he says, "Religion and the Grave," and this finds still more emphatic expression in his lament over the fame of Boccaccio:

> "O Italy! exult not in thy shame!
> 'Twas here, 'twas here thy Song's crystalline river
> Lost its last sight of hoar Parnassus' head,
> And swerved through flowery meads to sandy bar:
> Its saintly mission here it spurned for ever;
> It sighed to Laura, and with Tancred bled,
> But caught no second flash from Dante's star!"

How different the tone from "Paint men, men; whatever the issue."

The poems on modern subjects at the end are, for the most part, best let alone. Those written for special occasions are hardly worthy of the occasions, and in those on controversial subjects, the poet has hardly used his imagination. A few should be honourably excepted from this charitable neglect, the sonnet on Eld—

> "Thy scythe is sacred; healing is thy knife!
> Small things thou tak'st;"

the first on Father Damien, where he throws human sidelights on the doctrines of the Incarnation, and that on "Unconscious Faculties," which expresses an evidently favourite idea of the poet, that humanity has never yet sounded the depths of its own soul.

'Mediæval Records' may not willingly be read from cover to cover; but open it and you will soon light on what redeems it from the misfortune of its purpose. G-Y.

* 'Humorous Poems.' By Thomas Hood. With a Preface by Alfred Ainger Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. 6s. (Macmillan.)

† 'Mediæva Records and Sonnets.' By Aubrey de Vere. 5s. (Macmillan.)

MORE VOLTAIRIANA.*

Voltaire's sojourn in England was a very important episode in his career. He had been exiled from France because the authorities resented his most natural indignation at a foul and undeserved outrage perpetrated on his person by a coward, whom they allowed to go unpunished because he was a man of noble birth, while his victim was, in no dishonourable sense, a *parvenu*. Before his exile to England Voltaire had been refused permission to publish his 'Henriade'—the only poem worthy of being regarded as a national epic which France had then produced—and that because the hero of the poem had been a champion of Protestantism, and Voltaire had ventured to paint in its true colours the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Voltaire found in England nearly everything the absence of which he had deplored in France, especially the equality of all citizens before the law, and an almost perfect toleration for the expression of opinion political and religious. To his strong feeling on these and other contrasts between the two countries he gave vent, so far as he dared, in a series of letters on England and the English, which were published after his return to France. They were condemned by the parliament of Paris to be publicly burned. But their influence long survived. They were among the earliest of the writings which, permeating the mind of France, prepared the way for the great Revolution. Attempt after attempt has been and may be made to discover the personal details of Voltaire's life in England. Almost all, however, that is most worth knowing about his English visit, namely, its effect on himself, is to be found in these letters, which, to distinguish them from the ordinary traveller's account of a foreign country, he entitled 'Lettres Philosophiques.' So little was it the purpose of this Frenchman in London to furnish the personalities and gossip, to retail which is the function of an Englishman in Paris at the present day, that Voltaire expunged from later editions of the 'Lettres' the well-known anecdote of his visit to Congreve.

The latest attempt to exhibit Voltaire in his personal and other relations during his sojourn in England is that of Mr. Archibald Ballantyne, the author of a meritorious life of Carteret, who was for a time a very noticeable English statesman of the last century, but who had been almost forgotten when that biography of him appeared. Mr. Ballantyne's volume of Voltairiana was probably suggested by the publication some years ago of Mr. Churton Collins's careful and agreeable essay, 'Voltaire in England.' Mr. Ballantyne has been charged by Mr. Collins with making such an ample use of the results of his researches as to render the new volume merely a reproduction of the essay. Mr. Ballantyne repels the charge by declaring that he never read Mr. Collins's essay until his own work was finished. Of course, Mr. Ballantyne is to be believed, though it would have been only natural for him when beginning his enterprise to inspect the performance of so recent a predecessor. As to coincidences of statement in the essay and the volume, they were probably inevitable. The materials for an account of Voltaire's visit to England are much the same for all explorers of that period of his biography. For Voltaire's opinions on England and the English every writer on his English visit must draw on the 'Lettres Philosophiques,' and neither Mr. Collins nor Mr. Ballantyne has been sparing in this respect. Then there are the private letters which Voltaire when in England wrote to allies here and to friends in France, and they, like other sections of his correspondence, are accessible to everybody. Next come the notices, in London periodicals and newspapers, of Voltaire's squabbles with booksellers and countrymen of his resident here, and these, though neither edifying and instructive, have been utilised by both our contributors of Voltairiana. There are also anecdotes of Voltaire in London to be gathered from various accessible sources, though they are mostly either of doubtful origin or clearly apocryphal, especially those for which Goldsmith is responsible. Lastly, there are more or less interesting references to some of the acquaintances made by him during his English visit, scattered through his enormous correspondence. Both Mr. Collins and Mr. Ballantyne have, as might be expected, worked this vein industriously; and their results could not fail to be often identical. If two travellers explore the same region, journeying along the same roads, and afterwards write narratives of what they saw, it would be odd indeed if their descriptions did not often coincide, and there would be no need for the earlier, as Mr. Collins has done, to charge the later explorer with plagiarism.

The sweeping charge brought by Mr. Collins that Mr Ballantyne's volume is merely a reproduction of the essay, is wholly untenable, and for a very simple reason. Mr. Collins confines himself pretty strictly to Voltaire's English visit, while Mr. Ballantyne goes so far beyond this episode as to make the title of his volume decidedly misleading. To say nothing of the well-written account of Voltaire's career before his exile to England, Mr. Ballantyne deals copiously with matters which have no connection at all with that visit. Letters to and from English friends and acquaintances of Voltaire during his many years of life after his departure from England, interviews with him (some of them already familiar) of English visitors to Ferney, miscellaneous references in his correspondence to English literature of a much later date than the English sojourn, constitute no inconsiderable portion of Mr. Ballantyne's volume, and they have nothing at all to do with its subject-matter as indicated on his title-page. At the same time, his diligence and industry in searching out and bringing together such passages are very great. Nothing that concerns at once Voltaire and Englishmen appears to have escaped Mr. Ballantyne's vigilant eye. We could have spared, indeed, the long extracts from Voltaire's essay on Epic poetry, and from his obsolete criticisms on Shakespeare, for some account of Voltaire's relations with Woolston, the English Deist, who was making a great sensation in England during Voltaire's sojourn here. Voltaire took so much interest in Woolston as to send him money afterwards from France. Voltaire did not dare to refer to Woolston in the 'Lettres Philosophiques,' but there are several interesting references to Woolston in the writings of Voltaire's later and freer years. Too much is given of Voltaire's criticisms on the minor literature of England, and too little of his relations to Newton and Locke. The volume, however, will teach a good deal about Voltaire to those who know little or nothing of him. Mr. Ballantyne's remarks are generally sensible, though he need not have expressed surprise on finding that Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet scolded each other, before company, in English, which to those present on such painful occasions was probably an unintelligible language. He is fairly well informed in regard to the English literature of the period, and seldom commits such an error as when he speaks of Charles Churchill as "now forgotten."

On the whole, it is remarkable that so little which is both new and significant respecting Voltaire in England has been educed by the industry of Mr. Collins and Mr. Ballantyne. There is one of two disparaging anecdotes of Voltaire in England which is more than usually important, because with the other it is embalmed in Johnson's life of Pope, and must therefore long survive. To ascertain its truth or its falsehood would be a contribution of some value to Voltaire's biography. Johnson, who disliked Voltaire as an "infidel," gladly reproduced the anecdote from the life of Pope by Owen Ruffhead, who, there is little doubt, had it from Pope's friend Warburton, and he detested Voltaire. Voltaire was patronised by the Court party in England, and he was more or less intimate with such oppositionists as Bolingbroke and Pope. The charge against Voltaire is that he tried to extract from them information to report it to his patrons of the Court party. "Pope," says Johnson, "discovered by a trick that he," Voltaire, "was a spy for the Court, and never considered him as a man worthy of confidence." Such evidence as there is against Voltaire has been sifted by Mr. Collins and Mr. Ballantyne. The former inclines to the belief that because Voltaire was tricky he was guilty. The latter pronounces the charge to be, in Scottish legal phraseology, "not proven"; but nothing like certainty on the point is arrived at by either. In this connection it is worth mentioning that one of the very rare instances of a personal reminiscence by Voltaire of distinguished men whom he knew in England—and they were Pope and Bolingbroke—is given by Mr. Ballantyne, who quotes an interesting passage in Voltaire's correspondence

* 'Voltaire's Visit to England, 1726-9.' By Archibald Ballantyne. (London: Smith, Elder and Co.) 1893.

which does not appear to have been noticed by any of his biographers. In a protest against Pope's well-known saying, "Whatever is is right," Voltaire translates it *tout est bien*, and says: "Those who exclaim that all is well are charlatans. Shaftesbury, who made the fable fashionable, was a very unhappy man. I have seen Bolingbroke a prey to vexation and rage, and Pope, whom he induced to put this sorry jest into verse, was as much to be pitied as any man I have ever known, mis-shapen in body, dissatisfied in mind, always ill, always a burden to himself, and harassed by a hundred enemies to his very last moment. Give me at least the names of some happy men who will tell me: All is well."

After a perusal of Mr. Ballantyne's volume and a re-perusal of Mr. Collins's essay, the slender result of all their industrious research seems to tend to the conclusion that during his sojourn in England Voltaire acted up to his favourite maxim: *Benè vixit qui benè latuit.* F. ESPINASSE.

NOVEL NOTES.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE. By Stanley Weyman. 3 vols. (Longmans.)

Mr. Weyman has not only taken Dumas for his model, but also France for the scene of his heroes' prowess and escapades. There is something in French history—perhaps the intensity of bitterness in the Court factions and the determination and complexity of the Court intrigues—which gives exceptional opportunities to a writer of romance. Then, too, the graceful bearing of the French noblesse and the bright French sun bring a tone and a light to a romance not to be borrowed from our rougher old English ways and duller English skies. Mr. Weyman's France is that of the Huguenots and the League, the story beginning just before the murder of Guise and ending with the accession of Henry of Navarre—a stormy, difficult, discontented, dangerous time, comfortable for no one, least of all for the poor Sieur de Marsac, Breton gentilhomme, and Huguenot, with empty pockets and threadbare cloak, in spite of his forty years of honour and bravery. The novel of adventure is only occasionally the novel of character, but, so far at least as the men are concerned, this one is so; Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac is no shadow. With the brave impulses and recklessness of his nature struggling, and never in vain, against the caution of his years, his exceptional talent for ill-luck, his determination to push his fortunes at Court—for a man of his birth there was no other career—yet with no gift of worldliness, he is a very real man, answering to the necessities of romance, and claiming as well our modern sympathies. Henry of Navarre, too, Rosny, and Turenne in Mr. Weyman's hands are not mere labelled dummies. But the story is never spoilt by the infusion of present-day sentiment. It is the old world of noble and churl, with a strong dividing line between them, which the gentlest maintained with strictness. But humanity is abundantly present—witness the scene where Marsac comes back to his mother at Blois to find her dying and stripped of all her belongings. The poor tatterdemalion landless seigneur lies to her stoutly about his retinue and his revenues, and lets her proud and tender soul go to its rest in peace. Of course a novel of this kind must obey certain conventions. We expect and demand that fair ladies should, for reasons of gallantry or politics, be abducted at midnight from feudal castles, and carried to their appointed place by roads bristling with the most unforeseen and the most aggravating of dangers. Mr. Weyman gives us this kind of thing to our heart's content, and it is so refreshing a thing that it is well not to quarrel with him because he does not altogether convince us of the importance of the secrets in possession of the fair ward of Turenne. The story is written in a style which is not archaic, only old-fashionedly formal, often of a beautiful simplicity, and of real literary quality. It is the best relief of all from worry or a depressing course of psychological novels or modern morbidness, to plunge into this world of romance that never was, perhaps, but always is. And Mr. Weyman has refreshment of this kind to offer you, which need not be shamed by Dumas' neighbourhood.

A BUNDLE OF LIFE. By John Oliver Hobbes. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin).

It is being rather hard on a really able writer to call her first affectedly cynical, and bent chiefly on making a sensation, and when she drops that tone to say she is dull. Yet perhaps that is the kind of judgment that will be commonly meted out to the authoress of 'A Bundle of Life.' John Oliver Hobbes is very clever, and she is giving promise of development in unexpected directions. She is trying to fly thitherwards now, but her flight is not yet very sure. Her former style was the epigrammatic-psychological. Now she seems to have discovered that epigram is hardly agreeable to psychology, and the epigram has to a large extent been dropped. Yet dull the story is not; there is a great deal of freshly expressed wisdom in it. The satire on Lady Mallinger, the beautiful and heartless, empty souled, yet aspiring coquette—that women like her "have to die young to be understood,"—is masterly. Sir Verity, Sidney Wyche and Teresa, all interest us, but the writer has before now made better portraits than theirs. As to the plan of the story, well, it is just a bundle of life, a bundle hardly selected, and very loosely bound together. But though one may admit that a little formlessness may give fiction a greater appearance of real life, one cannot help protesting against the pretence of form in the introduction of a prologue which would be quite as much in place and keeping were it bound up in any other equally able story of society life. The tone of this book is not so knowing as the writer's earlier ones, but perhaps it is wiser. It is certainly more sympathetic.

AN EXCELLENT KNAVE. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

The knave of the story was not so very excellent, in spite of the title. His methods, at least, were monotonous, and he was found out. For all that, the rapidity with which you will read Mr. Molloy's new tale will not be wholly accounted for by skipping. You cannot help taking an interest in the really badly used hero, Hugh Morland. He was as good a fellow as ever breathed, the soul of honour, and a rising artist, and he was nearly convicted, on circumstantial evidence, of two separate murders. In both cases the improbable verdict in the preliminary trial was "not proven." It would have been very improper to have bestowed the hand of the extremely well-brought-up Cicely on even an innocent man who had appeared before the central criminal court. But an average jury would have been willing to hang him on half the evidence. The most interesting personage of the story, however, is neither the hero nor the villain, but the detective—one of those mythical, supernatural personages whom Scotland Yard must long to set eyes on. They are always mild-mannered, and do their best work for pure love of innocence and the excitement of the chase. This one, Mr. Geoffrey Gillesby, has a way of looking at your bumps, and saying quietly to himself, Ah, gambler; at your hands, and remarking, Murderer, or I am much mistaken. If lines and bumps are not confiding, and the track is devious, he plays the flute.

Detective stories are common as blackberries, and we demand from them a great deal of novelty nowadays. There is nothing to complain of here, where there is an original, if a very unconvincing plot. The murderer finds a most effective disguise for a time in the character of a woman artist, a portrait-painter. He boldly rents a studio under the same roof and opposite that of the suspect hero. Some manly habits don't seem amiss in this professional lady, but the masculinity of the artist and the effeminacy of the villain are too much insisted on. They should fit into each other, and they don't. However, if Mr. Gillesby had only played the flute to less purpose, the portrait-painter might have had a brilliant career; his neighbour the hero would certainly never have helped in his detection. A detective story should not run to three volumes, but the readers of 'An Excellent Knave,' while curtailing their opportunities, will nevertheless thank Mr. Molloy for some good entertainment, unless they pedantically insist on probability as essential to enjoyment.

APASSIONATA: A Musician's Story. By Elsa D Esterre-Keeling. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This story is a remarkable one. Its poetry and its subtlety make it that. There is probably not a commonplace

phrase in it; it gives you the idea of having been thought out and written in a condition of almost hyper-sensitiveness. High-strung all through, it has caught truths missed by duller moods, and has lost some more obvious ones. It is the story of an artist, a beautiful Finlander, of her love for her art, her infatuation for a sister artist, her very moderate affection for her husband, and the tragedy of her married life, brought about directly by the treachery of the woman she had loved not wisely but too well, and by the stubborn prejudice of her husband. The story has the defects of its qualities. It is the nervous, sensitive creatures of Miss Keeling's imagination that live. Selma is all life; so is the little deformed child; so is the remarkable Madame Goudounow. You hear their hearts beating. But the others, the good Olive, the Doktorinna, Jeanne, though they speak and act their parts intelligently, they are but foils, and the more they have practicality and stolidity of character, the more are they shadows.

The blot on the story is the preface, for it gives us the uneasy feeling that there are meant to be two sides to the story. I had not thought so. Selma is a charming creation, a graceful development of the *enfant terrible*. Her naiveté, her cruelty, her waywardness, are all delightfully painted, and in her love for her art we are made to fully believe, though Miss Keeling never gives one the idea of genius in connection with her—the *enfant terrible's* infinite capacity for being bored is not a symptom of genius. Her after life, bereft of art, and love, and even justice, therefore fills us with indignation. But it appears Anatol's life was a tragedy too. Very likely; stupidity always makes tragedy, and sometimes makes it for itself. But we have to do all the imagining in this case, for Miss Keeling only tells us of a man knowingly marrying a girl who loved art better than himself, of how he put cramping fetters on her, and in punishment of a freak in which there was something noble, punished her brutally, and with quite special meanness. Things were to improve, it is suggested at the end. We doubt it. But it is unjust to judge a novel by an unnecessary preface. It is a deeply interesting story, but of the kind a reviewer will often attack when he lets worse ones alone.

CHRONICLES OF A HEALTH RESORT. By A. Helder. (Unwin.)

The health resort and its invalids play but an insignificant part in this story. A stationary family and the military at the barracks are the only persons one is interested in, for even the good young man, who doctors the invalids and marries the heroine, hardly counts. The Pikes at the Glen Farm we are on the best of terms with, and their failings count for excellence, to the readers of their story, at all events. "Lack of time seemed to prevent the Pikes from developing any one distinct characteristic thoroughly; hence they just escaped the development of 'fastness' by a 'hair,' as, too, by a 'hair,' they often missed trains and sometimes, perhaps, real lovers and substantial legacies." That excellent muddler, Mrs. Pike, who presides equably over a household where the boiler is always bursting, and where other similar accidents are happening that would disconcert less well-constructed minds, and her pleasant daughter Alma, draw out a good deal of our sympathy. Alma, though, like the rest of her family, "when she could not take a social gate, knocked it down and tramped across it," was, nevertheless, a weak-minded, sentimental, tearful, and most kind-hearted young woman; we can understand the writer's evident affection for her. The doings of the "Darlings," the members of the Royal Wessex mess, who had so distinguished themselves in Abyssinia that they now suffered from complete mental exhaustion and incapacity, are chronicled with a good deal of humour in the earlier chapters. But it is not a well-made book at all, for its interest runs quickly up, stops, and then gradually declines. Yet there are considerable possibilities for the writer who has drawn the family at the farm with such vivacity. Then, a rare distinction, there is a real boy in the book. The boy in fiction is not often treated with such understanding and dignity as he is here.

THE HOME OF THE DRAGON: A Tonquinese Idyll. Told in seven chapters. By Anna Catharina. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

The title is not very descriptive, for it is not one Tonquinese Idyll but several, the thread of connection between the chapters being of the slightest. However, that is of little consequence. The stories are exceptionally good; indeed, only a few in what has now become a very cosmopolitan series, can compare with them. There are two veins of interest running through them, the European (French colonial) and the native, and it is in the native stories the writer proves her undoubted talents. She has made this unfamiliar country live for us, not by laboured descriptions, but by life-like touches of nature and human nature. The Annamite huts, the pagodas by the riverside, the yellow Tonquin river, the bamboo rafts on it, the lotus flowers on the lakes, we see these vividly as the inevitable circumstance of the stories. The principal characters, mainly women, are all pathetic, patient creatures, with much sweetness of nature, and capable of great affection and heroism. There is a fascination about their simplicity of life and speech which captures our sympathies as we read. They have found a skilful interpreter: "The Riverside Pagoda," the tale of the blight on the children, is a masterpiece.

WOMAN AND THE MAN. By Robert Buchanan. 2 vols. (Chatto.)

Perhaps this story is meant to be adapted for the stage. The last incident of the last chapter looks like it. Before that last incident occurred we were much interested in several problems, and when the villain comes by a violent death, though it is very convenient for everyone in the story, it stops our chance of knowing how some interesting matters would have adjusted themselves. Gillian, married to a disreputable cad, who happened to be an artist as well as a card-sharper, is treated abominably. After nearly killing her he disappears, and leaves her and their child to enjoy a fine legacy from a wealthy kinsman. Under a new name she leads a quiet, honourable life, and a baronet falls in love with her. When a report is brought of the death of her wicked husband, she consents to marry the baronet, at which interesting point the wicked husband turns up. Gillian is defended all along by a curate, who takes sensible but unclerical views on matrimony. The situation is complicated by many circumstances, and we are just beginning to be really interested in her troubles and the curate's differences with his vicar, and wondering what would really be the authority of the church in the matter, when the villain is stabbed to the heart by a man he has foully wronged, and there is no need to wonder any more. The story seems to have a purpose, probably to combat the doctrine that marriage under all circumstances is a bond that should not be loosened. The story is short, and like most of Mr. Buchanan's, vigorous and very readable.

FRANGIPANNI. The Story of Her Infatuation. Told by Murray Gilchrist. The Regent Library. (F. Murray, Derby.)

Before Thomas Arden had been in the same place as Frangipanni for a minute, "he began to catch his breath, and, on rising to an erect position, was compelled to grasp a chair for support. The alarmed shop-assistant begged him to rest awhile; but he shook his head." He had never seen her before, but he gave her the brooch he had been buying for his wife. Frangipanni sang that night in the town-hall, and Arden strode in, actually without evening dress. The striding was so emphatic that he tore the skirt of an earl's daughter in the process. Then, at the sound of her voice, he "began to weep madly, quivering all over, but making no sound. . . . Some of the enchanted audience began to glare fiercely." When she sang, "Ah! mio cor!" "a quick succession of gasps interrupted her." "Then he staggered from the room" to Frangipanni's lodgings, which does not surprise her. "It is my destiny to attract," she says. No wonder; everything about her is remarkable, from her clothing of "an indescribable colour that might have been stolen from a sun-stricken sea" to her everyday language, she does not feel regret, but "delivers herself to the talons of a memory." Her confidences and reticences are both surely devised with skill. In an old Elizabethan mansion, she murmured, 'I come of a race who dwelt in houses like this, kings and princes I count amongst my people.' This was the only glimpse she ever gave him of her antecedents." Well, of course, the innocent wife has to be murdered, and her body thrown down a yawning gulf. And nobody finds out, for her friends are mostly fools. They sat unsuspectingly with the murderer, to console him, and he "began to glare, as if he wished to be alone. But they did not under-

stand." Then Frangipanni wrote to say they had better always think of each other as perfect, at a distance, and she was going to marry an old lover. Whereupon he began to shriek with the sound of an unoiled wheel, and scrambled up the bedpost, and finally, and very sensibly, precipitated himself downstairs. Well, that is all there is to tell about Arden and Frangipanni. No, one thing more. Arden thought that if he wrote a book, "the world would know what passion was (believing with the laity that nothing more is required than pen, ink, and paper)." We quite agree with Mr. Gilchrist about the essential something more—common sense, for instance, and literary sincerity. The publisher has done his best for a very foolish book. The form and binding are charming.

WHITE POPPIES. By May Kendall. Illustrated by R. A. Bell (Ward, Lock.)

There are the makings of a fine novel here. If only the heroes were shaped and coloured as completely as the heroines, the fine novel would be nearly made. Withdraw a little of the moist emotion, and it would be comp'etely made. The outsides of the heroes are very well drawn; their features, coats, and speech are all done admirably. But the minor ones are shadowy inside, and the central figure, Trevanion, is only a man case, stuffed with benevolence. We only see him as Benevolence on foot, never as Trevanion. The womenkind, on the contrary, are drawn with a sharp-pointed pencil and from a very intimate point of view. Indeed, in spite of much sympathy expressed, it is rather a merciless hand that has drawn Henrietta. She is true to life, unfortunately, true to the morbid, mawkish interest in mental things which is one of the realities of this period of women's wider opportunities. Perhaps the type deserves to be pilloried. Only has the writer apportioned to her the fitting fate? Was a bore ever a suicide? The story runs its course conventionally enough. A critical reader will resent several incidents in it, especially Vi's unnecessary death. Could not chocolate, or a new lover, or a new religion have made her happy? It is difficult to take her quite as seriously as her authoress does. But with all its defects, the story is not as most other modern love-stories are. It is written in a fine large-hearted way, and of cleverness it has no lack at all. But "May Kendall" should not attribute to Carlyle what he merely took from Schiller's "Gegen die Dummheit." Mr. Anning Bell's illustrations are stagy.

AN ADOPTED WIFE. By Arthur Keyser. (Griffith and Farran.)

There never were such self-sacrificing and curiously behaved heroes and heroines as you find in this book. It is quite worth while pursuing their vagaries to the very end of this close-printed, small-typed volume to know how they will get out of their entanglements—quite unnecessary entanglements too. The way in which the heroes mostly show their fine self-sacrificing nature is, by taking unto themselves wives whom they do not want. True, in one case the wife is merely adopted, given a name, but, in the other, to make hero No. 1 happy with the heroine in chief, hero No. 2 buys the secret of the noble adoption, by a promise to marry in real earnest the adopted wife, though he has all along been in love not with her but with the heroine in chief. This does not suggest half the entanglement. It must have cost the writer a great deal of trouble to invent anything so complicated, yet he doesn't write as if it had been a trouble. There is a genial, good-natured tone about his book, and the description of the Chinese scenes is evidently first-hand.

TO HIS OWN MASTER. By Alan St. Aubyn. 3 vols. (Chatto.)

The story is made out of unpromising material. It turns mainly on the troubles of a curate, and curates are very unfashionable in fiction now, whatever they may be in real life. Yet if a reader finds his way through the three volumes, and the chance is that he will, at the end he will probably agree that young foolish Dashwood is an exceptionally sympathetic character, and that it must have required a great deal of cleverness on the writer's part to make his troubles and himself so real to us that at every other page we keep wishing eagerly he had a spice more of the devil in him so that the spiteful, and the formal, and the wicked people should not get quite their own way in his humiliation. All the characters are not equally coherent; both the Girton girl, with her strong resolute character and generous instincts, turned nursery governess and faithless lover, and the villain, who is a woman, with her ferocious and sensual nature, whom we are also asked to think particularly fascinating, are made to play parts which strike us as impossible. There is a great deal of good workmanship in the story, but its chief merit lies in the charm infused into the central figure of Dashwood, with his unrecognised strength and his weakness in which there is no guile.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE BOG OF STARS and Other Stories of Elizabethan Ireland. By Standish O'Grady. The New Irish Library. 1s. (Unwin.)

This is a heroic collection of tales taken mostly from old chroniclers, and little edited and revised, save in the mere wording. The wild life of Elizabethan Ireland—and spirits were as high there as they were over the Channel—is given here with as little commentary as apology. These sagas interpret themselves if you don't theorize over much about them. As to the wording, Mr. O'Grady has a very warm poetic imagination which shows itself in his language. A simpler austerer style might be preferable, yet had he put the curb on, we might have missed some of the enthusiasm which warmed us as we read. The stories are not mere legends, but pages of history only slightly manipulated to give them coherence, and to bring out their dramatic qualities. Through the ferocity, the untamed barbarism which they reveal, something glimmers and keeps our sympathy fast and sure amid all the horror and the noise. It is hardly nameable, but you will recognize it, if after reading the volume through, you turn back and read again 'The Bog of Stars,' one of the most beautiful stories ever told. It is only about a little drummer boy, loyal to a robber chief, and who died for his loyalty, drowned in a hole in Mona Reulta, the Bog of Stars. In Mona Reulta, perhaps, you will find the history of Ireland and of some lives. Wandering amid the fat green places of the earth, you have often to strain upwards very far to see the glories of the skies. In the wild untamed places the glory is about you; it is everything to you; you cannot miss it—the brackish water at your feet reflects a star.

THE TEMPLE. Sacred Poems. By George Herbert. With Engravings after the Old Masters. (Seeley.)

THE TEMPLE. Sacred Poems. By George Herbert. Fac-simile Reprint of First Edition. Fifth Edition. With Introductory Essay by J. H. Shorthouse. (Unwin.)

The fac-simile reprint is well known, and it may well be a favourite with lovers of Herbert. So far as the text is concerned no more attractive edition could be imagined. Mr. Shorthouse's introduction, too, gives it an additional interest, for Mr. Shorthouse is in more than common sympathy with Herbert. The other edition just issued by Messrs. Seeley is valuable for another reason. It was an intelligent thought to illustrate Herbert in this way, for he certainly does suggest pictures, especially old wood-cuts; modern illustrations would be almost sure to be out of keeping. The question mooted in the preface whether Herbert ever actually saw any of these cuts is interesting, but not of first importance. What is to the point is that Dürer and Holbein and the others never distort his meaning. Art was German to Herbert—he says so—and these German cuts, in their vigour and their homeliness, are about as good interpreters as could be found for him. It is a delightful book to give or to possess.

SOME CHILDRENS BOOKS.

THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. 6s. (F. Warne.)

THE LIGHT PRINCESS, and other Fairy Tales. By George Macdonald. Illustrated by Maud Humphrey. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

THE WINGED WOLF, and other Fairy Tales. Collected by Ha Sheen Kaf. Illustrated by Arthur Layard. (Stanford.)

PRINCE RICARDO OF PANTOUFLIA. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. (Arrowsmith.)

Some well-known writers have written books to amuse children this Christmas. The four we have chosen for notice here have this in common, that they are well and plentifully illustrated. One of them is not a fairy story,

'The One I Knew Best,' yet with many children it will be the favourite, because it is not about an imaginary and ordinary child in the nursery, but about a real and interesting one, who did live and grew up without forgetting what she used to see, to like, and to think when she was a little girl. No imaginary heroine could be more delightful or more original. She had an extraordinary talent for having adventures with her dolls, and then she used to write romances. The story of her infantine literary career is full of thrilling secrets and surprises. Her readers will be glad she never got rid of her scribbling habits.

As for the fairy stories, Dr. Macdonald says his are for the childlike, even if they be seventy-five, but seven and five need not be afraid they are dull for that reason. They are singularly beautiful and poetical, and children in their quieter moods will find them altogether sympathetic. There is such fine, good work in them, that they should be counted with Dr. Macdonald's best.

The stories in the 'Winged Wolf' volume are more fantastic, wilder, more adventurous. They are tales of many countries, some of the best being from the Russian. There is a weird charm about them which will stir children's imagination and their curiosity. Than "The Wonderful Self-playing Harp" and "Prince Gold-fish" it would be hard to find anything so good out of Grimm. And there is never a breath of allegory about them.

'Prince Ricardo' is a sequel to 'Prince Prigio,' and it is better than most sequels are. Mr. Lang makes up for any limitations to his imagination by his heartiness. His frank enthusiasm wins him sympathy at once, and when Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia, with the wishing cap and seven-leagued boots, and all the most convenient magic appliances, receives an ill-spelt appeal for aid from Prince Charlie, and, striding over half the world in answer to the letter, finds him playing golf, a reader is pleasingly tickled. The queer mixture of old and new—fairy paraphernalia, kilts, Jacobites, and the Incas—is cleverly managed, and in the robust, high-spirited tone of the story there is something contagious.

CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS IN OLD NEW ENGLAND. By Alice Morse Earle. (D. Nutt.)

"Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors, and let each succeeding generation thank Him not less fervently, for being one step further from them in the march of ages," is the very happy motto chosen for this book. Miss Earle is a very talented sifter of old books, old records, old letters; but Dryasdust and she know nothing sympathetic of each other. She is a true humourist; she chuckles over the quaintnesses, and the absurdities of the old New Englanders; their crudities and harshness do not shock her; her eye misses no features that can serve to call up a picture of the men, women and things of old times. Under such headings as Child Life, Courtship and Marriage Customs, Table Plenishing, Raiment and Vesture, Funeral and Burial Customs, we have in her telling extracts a more or less complete picture of Puritan life in New England. To quote, except at great length, would be unjust to all the good things we should have to omit. The authoress never obtrudes herself, but we see her twinkling eye all the time. She has set out to compile extracts, and she has made a witty book.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. Taken from the works of John Addington Symonds. By Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson. (Smith and Elder.)

Colonel Pearson's idea is an excellent one. Mr. Symond's larger work is not within the reach of all, and mere text-books are so dull, and on such a subject, so useless. Mr. Symonds not only approved of the idea, but believed the intention of his work had been fully appreciated by Colonel Pearson. A reader may occasionally miss some of the connecting links in the story, but it is not a bad effect of the book to excite a desire to see and search in the original. The space at Colonel Pearson's disposal was enough to allow him to do justice to his plan and subject, and he has succeeded in the difficult task of making a very readable epitome.

A RANDOM ITINERARY. By John Davidson. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)

Mr. Davidson is a man of moods and delightful inconsequences. In these lie his strength, and he has the wit to know it. Amid his wanderings round London suburbs and the green rides of Epping Forest, and among the Chiltern Hills, he revelled in his moods as much as he did in the lights from the sky, the scent from the turf, and the humours of the wayfarers; or, rather, the lights, and the scents, and the humours were his moods, and he let himself drift on them. He has the gift of self-entertainment, and to beguile the way, every now and again he stuck up one of his other selves, and argued with him on the subjects about which it is useless to talk if you are bent on making up your mind, and which nevertheless are the only ones worth talking about. Mr. Davidson's 'Itinerary' may not be a very perfectly finished addition to *belles lettres*, but it is interesting. He has opened his note-book and shown us many little signs of his love for his craft, opened himself, and shown us a mind getting mellowed.

MORE ABOUT NAMES. By Leopold Wagner. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Mr. Wagner's 'Names and their Meaning,' grew out of a bright and practical idea. The world is always in want of information of a more familiar kind than is given in dictionaries and encyclopædias, and the occurrence of names which present no clear idea to the mind suggests each time the want of some ingenious, convenient, and omniscient book which should enlighten us, not lengthily, but enough to serve our immediate purpose. Mr. Wagner's first volume could not cover nearly the whole field, so he has compiled this supplement. The information is scrappy, and readers would do well not to accept in perfect faith all his derivations. But, really, one should not look such a gift horse too closely in the mouth, but should value a friend who volunteers to give us quite enough information, 'not too bright and good for human nature's daily food,' about The Woolsack, The Court of Queen's Bench, The Court of Common Pleas, The Exchequer Court, or about Cantata, Opera, Grand Opera, Music Drama, Castanets, Caprice, Fantasia, or about Gin-sling, Julep, Appetizer, Pine-top, Red-eye, Kops Ale, Bohea, or Scald, Troubadour, Minnesinger, Epic Poetry, and so on and on through breathless lists.

PROSE WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH. Selected and Edited by William Knight, LL.D. (W. Scott.)

Wordsworth's prose was highly respectable, but in no way remarkable, even for defects. It is for its subject matter that it should be read. It has none of the individuality, none of the fine qualities of style to be found in the prose of some other poets, Milton and Dryden, for instance. This book is, therefore, not for lovers of English in general, but for lovers of Wordsworth in particular. It is well worth procuring, for it contains some things that are not easily found elsewhere, such as extracts from the letters to the Beaumont family, and to Crabb Robinson. Professor Knight gives a bibliography of Wordsworth's prose writings, and from most of them, letters, notes, and prefaces, selections have been made.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD. By a Mere Don. Illustrated. (Seeley.)

The Mere Don, being such, and having nothing more than the daily experience of years, and the intimate acquaintance with other dons and undergraduates to help him, finds Oxford a very difficult place to describe, to justify, to criticise, or to prophesy about. It could not be more so if it were the British Constitution. You may possibly understand it, but you can't explain it. Yet the Mere Don has written a very charming and very kindly book about it all. He is humble-minded, for he has read the newspaper attacks on University abuses; quietly satirical, for he has been plagued and amused by a succession of undergraduates; sometimes despairingly resigned, for he has got entangled in the mesh of modern duties. For all its negative tone, meant chiefly to modify the very definite information that intelligent visitors send to American and Continental reviews, it gives one a very clear idea of some features of Oxford life, of the modern undergraduate, for instance, that hitherto ill-described person, the sightseers—American species, intelligent foreigner species, Toynbee Hall species—and the university journalists. About the reputation of dons in fiction, he is very pathetic. The don "can never be a hero,

but neither is he qualified to play the part of a villain; his virtues and his vices are all alike inadequate. If he is bad, his badness is rarely more than contemptible; if he is good, it is in a negative and passionless way; and the great rewards of life are, as a rule, considered as being out of his reach." Read the amusing 'Diary of a Don,' and you will begin to think that to enjoy the calm seclusion of college groves you had better not be a resident fellow. Old Oxford and New Oxford will enjoy this book written in so tolerant a spirit, so graceful a style. But the artists, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Speed, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Stamp, who have illustrated Oxford life indoors and out, well deserve their meed of praise too.

CAPRICES. Poems by Theodore Wratislaw. 5s. net. (Gay and Bird.)

Mr. Wratislaw is nothing if not modern. Look down the contents list of 'Caprices' and you see that—"The Music Hall," "Opoponax," "Plein Air," "A Ballet Dancer," and so on. The motto of his book bears the revered initials: "P. V." Now P. V. is a great poet, but for his sins—which he has confessed—he has been punished with quite an unusual amount of silly imitation. When will young worshippers learn that the letter killeth; and, if they lie in wait the letter only, the spirit that giveth life will pass them by. Because Dégas paints ballet-dancers, and makes of some of them masterpieces, every little painterling who wants to be modern must paint ballet-dancers too, as if the ballet-dancers were the thing, and not the genius they express. And so because a little versifier reads the Décadents and finds them, to his mind, freshly and deliciously immoral, he must needs rush for pen and paper and copy what he can. The genius is beyond him, but the immorality is not, for the stupidity that admires immorality as an end in itself is hopelessly immoral. Perhaps it is absurd to treat this example of it very seriously. It is a favourite game of young poets nowadays, and they play it with the earnest ignorance of children; but really immorality is too great a thing to be handled frivolously. There are a few little poems in this volume after another pattern, the drawing-room song pattern, and they are very passable. But the faint copy of deadly passion in "I weary of the heat of hell," the solemn fatuousness of "She knelt on an easy chair, Neither too chaste nor wise, And laid her cheek on the vair;" or, "I wonder if my love would weep, To know I found her laid asleep;" or of some absurdities in "The Ball Room," and "In Summer," we are sure Mr. Wratislaw is young enough to regret, and his friends friendly enough to forget. Of the book one hundred copies have been printed. There is consolation in that fact. It has a charmingly designed cover.

SONGS OF A STROLLING PLAYER. By R. G. Legge. (Innes.)

This is a little book of vulgar rhymes, or at least of rhymes about vulgar things. They give you the stage stript of some of its glamour, the stage by daylight, as seen by one who knows it, laughs at it, and loves it. The songs are written in rough verse, in appropriately strong language, and often in the jog-trot rhythm of the music-halls. But there is vigour in the portraits they introduce. The Underseller, the Limelight Man, the Manager, and the Amateur are from real life, life seen from different points of view, from the point of view of the magnificent amateur for instance, who

> "thought he would be an actor,
> He'd a versatilitee,
> Which hadn't been beaten when he was at Eton,
> Nor yet in the A.D.C.,"

and of the limelight man interfered with by meddling actors—

> "Where would your bally old 'Amlet be
> Without my bloomin' limes?"

In a foreword and an afterword, the writer explains that he had no traitor purpose in these mocking songs.

LYRICS AND ELEGIACS. By Marcus S. C. Ricards. (Bell.)

There is far more of the stuff of poetry in Mr. Ricards' volume than in nine-tenths of the minor verse of to-day. He has made his verse out of his own life, a life of thinking and unaffected feeling. All he says must therefore be read with real respect, and much of it with interest. Nevertheless, he has not the natural gift of verse, or he has not yet got rid of a rather unusual awkwardness of expression—an awkwardness that is sometimes even startling, as in

> "I dreamt I saw a Healer stand,
> A medicine phial in his hand,
> O'er one who at his stern command
> Drained it, etc."

There is no song in him at all, and we think it is a pity he writes so much in lyrical measure.

VANITY FAIR. 1893. (Office.)

If the personages which *Vanity Fair* has during the past year satirised, or idealised, for the interest, edification, and amusement of its readers, are not all perhaps of such great popular interest as they sometimes contrive to be, there is some compensation in the fact they are one and all treated with exceptional cleverness. It is an excellent volume. The portraits are a more artistic set on the whole than we have seen in *Vanity Fair* for the last year or two, the caricatures less crude and none the less amusing. Mr. Justice Barnes, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. William Allan, M. Coquelin, and Mr. Fletcher of river fame, are pourtrayed here inimitably. The letterpress, except for occasional lapses into dulness begot of unwonted reverence, is lively, and very good-naturedly prejudiced. Its wit is sometimes mysterious. One eminent baronet is said to have "a sense of humour, and yet is a Director of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway." And what meanings we have tried to read into this statement about Mr. Justice Collins, all in a paragraph by itself—"He cannot skate much, but he likes skating."

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

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HE WOULD BE AN AUTHOR.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG WRITER.

III.

. . . The impulse to write is strong within you, and will not let you be. Yet you know not what to write, or, when you do, what form to put it in. Is the impulse only a mocking one, then? Should not the idea and its shape descend to you from heaven in a vision? Is not the mere fact of groping about for matter and form a proof of incapacity? In short, you ask, had you not better take to making boots, since leather and lasts are always to be had?

Not yet. I think in art the impulse and the ambition nearly always precede the power of expression or the grasp of the thing to be expressed. So the test of the genuineness of your call is not quick apprehension of the exact thing you are fitted for. Young writers commonly flounder absurdly at the beginning; they have a wonderful faculty for trying experiments in directions altogether alien to their genius. The inquiries, however, they send me, as to the kind of thing they had best write, arise mostly, I fancy, not from mere blankness of mind, or from the despair of many disappointments, but from a practical desire to know what is most likely to pay, or rather to be accepted, for it is the joy of being printed they hunger for. If I give them advice, it may be founded on excellent reasons, and yet contradictory evidence is sure to turn up before very long. Editors and publishers are greedy for everything good, and they are ready to reject everything good, if it come at an ill time. You say to Jones, "Oh, don't write on that subject, it has been done to

death." But Jones does it all the same, and is accepted. Or to Smith, "Here's an unworked subject all to yourself, a mine of interest: you can make something out of it." Smith toils and writes, and is consistently rejected. Robinson discovers the treasure six months later, writes, but doesn't toil, and is printed. It need not relax young writers' energies to know that chance is an element in acceptance. It isn't neglect they suffer from, but the pressure of competition, and the shortness of time at the disposal of all the editors in England added together. The more reason why it is better to get a good start locally, where one is known, and where rivals are fewer.

Many young writers send me stories, essays, translations, sermons, sonnets, reviews, dramas, odes, descriptions of tours, satires, epics, songs, and biographies. Some adventurous souls have experimented so widely, that I verily believe they have sent me samples of each of these. Then they say, "All these have been rejected, but yet we will write. What had we best stick to?" If they speak with determination, and will not be put off, I generally say "stories," partly because story-writing is the best practice for young writers, partly because it is what they like best, next to verse, and, partly, because it is what there is most demand for. So at this stage of doubt, after many experiments, you might look again at those attempts at fiction to which no friendly editor opened his pages. You think you were, perhaps, writing on a bad model. Very likely; to all, save a few of precocious originality, models are the most important things in the world. From their manuscripts one can generally tell the kind of stuff young writers have been feeding on—not very robust stuff as a rule, little sustenance in it, and badly prepared. If a censorship of the press were justifiable, it would be over the books produced for young persons, and, if I were censor, I should not begin by sweeping away the stories of highwaymen and pirates, with gaudy pictorial covers, that are said to wean away our little errand boys from the paths of virtue, but rather half the drivelling, so-called moral domestic novels issued in their tens of thousands, which appeal neither to the heart nor the head nor the imagination, but only to a false sentimentality ruinous to the moral and mental constitution. Written in slovenly English, and full of slovenly thinking and observation of life, they breed children like themselves, and with all the indolent-minded are a successful rival to better stuff which makes greater mental demands.

Perhaps it may be of use to you to know the fortunes of some young friends of mine, who, in spite of efforts and ambitions, have not yet been printed. I have been trying to convince them that there are reasons for this, but they think I am an apologist for the tyrant editor.

A. has a taste for high-flown romance. It is a healthy taste. To lay down B.'s story of how Mary and the curate sat with hungry souls in their eyes over afternoon tea in her aunt's drawing-room, how each knew not of the other's yearnings till in the dropping and picking up of a ball of fancy worsted their hands met, and they knew their souls were united for ever—to turn from this, and hear A.'s slashing and clattering of swords on the king's highway, or see the mystic fumes rising in his astrologer's cell, is a mighty refreshment. A.'s favourite kind of literature is not out of date, and never will be. The reason for his failure does not lie there. But he insists on his heroes speaking a language that never was and never ought to have been spoken. For instance, he never will let them "get up," but forces them to "rise from a recumbent posture," and it is not easy to convince him that this is just as unliterary as if he were to make them talk present day slang. He is also a little given to anachronism, principally in oaths and dress—his "Zounds," and doublets, and pourpoints, get into the wrong century, and though this be a very forgiveable offence, it would be well were he to read a little history and have a smattering of knowledge about costume and manners. His love of romance is surely robust enough not to be snuffed out before the colder light of fact. If his reading serve him not in his romances, it is still always a little knowledge of history to the good. The truth is he doesn't know the best that has been done in a magnificent field of literature. He has great masters, and were he but to sit for a thousand and one nights, and hear Lesage and Defoe, and Scott, and Dumas tell their tales, at the end, it is true, he might write never another himself; but if he did then his words would have a clearer, stronger ring about them than before. And, strange to say, in no kind of literature is a little humour, not of too critical a kind, and some commonsense, more valuable. But it is not easy to convince A. that these are not alien to romance.

C. writes sketches of popular life. He has considerable wit and a knowledge of the most up-to-date slang. Being so up-to-date, so full of local colour, he cannot understand why editors should miss the opportunities he gives them. Well, I have remarked that the very up-to-date persons with nothing old-fashioned about them get out of date sooner than any others. And though I do not advise C. to take a lofty contemptuous tone towards his heroes of the coster cart, the dock yard, and the music hall, yet did he let his imagination occasionally dwell on persons whose speech and manners are on another level, he would interpret his favourites much more justly. A little less up-to-dateness, even a fall in smartness, and a greater breadth of humanity would serve him better.

D. has chosen a far other line, and she has many companions. She wishes to convey moral and spiritual truths delicately, discreetly, insidiously, and stories of ordinary life are too gross to be her medium. So her preaching takes the form which my heart faints to behold. It has been my privilege to advise many to abstain from it, but it has strong attractions, and evidently for the least gifted. I mean the parable or allegory. My experience of this kind of composition is something like this. You take a sentiment or a moral—the weaker and the more commonplace the better—which needs no proving at all. Then, as if it were some strong and disagreeable medicine, you wrap it about with sweet stuff, shaped into some thin conventional fiction, about a lily, or a bird, or a sea-shell: these are made to utter many words about love, and gentleness, and truth. The idea is that if you like the taste of the sweet stuff you will swallow the moral in the middle without grumbling. But you had swallowed the moral long ago, very likely; the sweet stuff was wasted on you, and probably nauseous. Yet no kind of writing deceives young persons more. It makes so little demand on them. They need have no experience of life or character, no power of thinking, or of construction or imagination—only a little thin fancy, and a knowledge of the sentimental words of the language. It presents almost irresistible temptations to utter commonplaces under the guise of poetry. Yet the weaklings have a glorious ancestry; but think of the stuff the great allegories of the world are made of. If only D. would read the family records!

E. has passed through his romantic stage. He rather despises romance now. It is not half so interesting as the real world. And even in the real world he doesn't much care for the bustling, noisy, effusive part. To his mind there is something just a little vulgar about it. All his interest is in the play of human motives. To study this adequately he thinks you must take your characters from that class of society which has most reticence, self-control, and coolness. To discover the various complicated reasons why Lady Adelaide held up her chin at a given moment, or why Edgar's hand lingered on the bell-rope—was it fear, hope, or well-bred despair?—gives him hard mental exercise for a month. The draw-back to E.'s success is that one is rather apt to yawn over his problems, to give them up, and say it doesn't much matter, either way—which he says is flippant. It is a very fascinating kind of fiction to young writers. It is very difficult and looks very knowing, and their valour and conceit both invite them to try it. But only an abnormally precocious young person has enough experience of life to do it well. It is *par excellence* the fiction of the middle-aged novelist. The old ones go back again to action and lusty life.

F. has gathered admirable material for the making of half a dozen novels of present day, middle-class life. She knows it admirably, how it speaks, thinks, eats, and takes its pleasures and its pains. But the quantity of her material oppresses her. She will not waste any of it; so she wastes it all. If her heroine goes on a journey we have to know the complexion, height, accent, temper, income, and state of soul of every man, woman, and child she comes across. This fulness of detail imitates life, she says, and she wants to paint life. But if you paint life you must obey, not only the rules of life, but the rules of painting, too. And if you squeeze so many things in, and give no indication of background or foreground, the result is a muddle, and no picture at all. I am waiting till F. has gained the courage of her scissors.

Does any one of these cases here apply, nearly or remotely, to your own?

ADAM MACADAM.—Good. Good enough to be improved. The weakest thing about it is the ex-thief's speech. In the first place you say it became the broadest Doric, but it didn't. And his words are not forcible enough. "Because they rose with the intellect and ever subordinated sense" is a little obscure. Spelling is imperfect. After revising it a little, you might send it to a paper or magazine with a religious bias.

A. M. S.—Very good indeed for your age. Practice writing as much as you like, but don't think of printing yet awhile.

AUSTERITY.—No, it won't do.

CHARM.—As it is rather illegible, I may not have made out all the words. But, so far as I can read the lines, the metre is poor, and there does not seem to be much in the thought.

COUNTER JUMPER.—The last verse is just passable. The subject might make a good ballad, but you have not succeeded. But it is all flat. The metre, too, is faulty. And even on the outside of the books you envy, the writers' names are correctly spelt.

C. W. A.—You should choose a metre and stick to it, or, at least, make your intention clear every time you start a new one. Scan verse 1, or any other, for yourself. The meaning is very far from obvious; verse 3, lines 5, 6, 7, for instance. Then the last part of verse 8 is very mysterious. It is hardly worth correcting, as the thoughts in it are commonplace. They probably served their purpose admirably.

E. D.—There is very little in it. From dull characters, and next to no incident, fine stories have been made, but it wants great skill and capacity for looking at the insides of things. I don't think this is promising.

E. H. B. B.—The ghost story you could use. Since you vouch for its truth, you might send it to some journal of psychical research. Or it might find a place in some little journal of varieties. But its English needs improvement. "Disordered state of the internal economy of the percipient," "post-prandial," "discomfiture of the super-

stitious," etc., are very clumsy. Why call going to sleep "such a proceeding," when you had better use simple "it." Isn't "renowned" too strong a word (p. 1)? The verse won't do. Don't take it seriously. "Chode" is hardly admissible.

ELF.—(1) Prettily enough written, but except as a passing incident in an account of travels you could hardly use it. There is not story enough in it to allow it to stand on its own legs. (2) Very nice little moralities. Just a trifle too moral, perhaps, the third one. But of their kind they are very good, and deserve to be printed.

ESSJAIDEE.—You do not seem to have a very clear idea of your subject. The young man who speaks so sentimentally in verse 1 can hardly be the same as he who makes so remarkably strong a request in verse 3. Metrically, too, it is not at all good.

FRANCIS VILLON.—In many ways a great advance, but until you learn to choose simple words to express simple ideas, you will never be a writer. Examine your MS. to find some suggestions.

GAX.—These are not good. The metre is very poor, especially in No. 2. And in No. 1, "straight forget care and sorrow for this reason"—for what reason?

G. C. W.—Not good. I don't think there is anything to be made out of it.

H. I. J.—You are writing on a bad model. This is the poorest of all exercises for a beginner, for it demands only a little thin fancy and no real experience of life. This kind of thing deceives a writer too often into thinking he is writing poetry. Besides, no one will print it. Try something else. But I should say, judging from this specimen, that you have some turn for writing.

H. S. Y.—A good enough story, but you should write it again, this time taking some care with the composition. Your sentences are very casually arranged. Look at p. 1: "Brown met me . . . six hours." And there are other examples.

HURRY.—I think you have the faculty. Your chief fault is that you are far too diffuse. Practice writing stories in a given number of words or pages, and force yourself to say what you have to say in the limited space. I should only recommend this as an exercise. I think you would write best for older girls. Your verse is not commonplace, but you have a better chance in fiction. The present story is not particularly diffuse. It is a nice, sentimental little tale, and in a popular family magazine it might very likely find acceptance.

INDIANA.—A pathetic story, but not altogether convincing. You should explain H's nature more fully. His conduct seems highly improbable, and singularly unlike that of most persons afflicted as he was. An incident may be drawn from real life, and yet seem highly improbable in fiction. It is the writer's business to make his incidents and the doings of his characters not only probable but inevitable. The style is not perhaps literary, but its simplicity and directness are merits. I should regard this merely as the framework on which to build the story. You could make something out of it.

JAM.—You might make something of it. The idea is good. Suppose as a companion "sketch," you let the woman tell her own state of mind. Your style inclines to the ponderous. And you misuse words—prowess, for instance; and "mechanical" is loosely used, too.

JONATHAN JOKER.—Not without promise. But too wordy, and the words are uselessly long. You would have to cut out half your adjectives, and prune the phrases mercilessly before it would be accepted. Read the first page over, for instance, and the sentence on p. 7 beginning "Lady K. was a woman," etc. You say "arrived down" when you mean "came down," and "identity" when, possibly, you mean "individuality," and "unconscious of any contiguous affairs when you mean ——. Try shorter flights.

J. PEN.—The sketches are good. You should have success as a writer of popular stories; in fact you have already had it, I see. The life of the people in a provincial town is a good field. It would be wise to stick to it.

JUSTICE KENE.—Very nicely written considering your age, but you are too young yet to write anything worth printing. A year or two after this you would not let an evidently simple-minded girl die with such melodramatic words on her lips. I think the MS. shows promise. Don't feed your sentimental side over much.

J. W.—The last two lines contain a pretty picture. The rest is not very good. Have you offered it to a University magazine?

LAON.—Fragment 1 pretty. So is 2. Give it a beginning. The "Dream" very good from verse 2 onwards. The first verse won't do at all. "There is a peace" is not so good. Stick to the other three, and force yourself to make something of them. It's quite worth while. You may see them in print yet. You can only be helped in detail. But, by the bye, don't lose your chance of being printed by sending bad "copy" to editors.

MANU FORTI.—It has not literary merit, but you might make a fair popular story out of it. Revise the composition a little—make it rather less stilted—and the punctuation. It has an illiterate look at present. Then you might send it to a country newspaper.

MAX.—No, it would not have any chance of being inserted in a magazine, unless it were a magazine of local and limited circulation. The feeling expressed in the verses is very charming, and that you have an appreciation of poetry there can be no doubt. But there is no force in them, nothing to mark them off from the thousand and one verses on the same subject. I should advise you to be content to let your love of verse-making serve you as an agency in your own culture.

MONTMORENCY.—Very obscure, especially from "On this star" to "flies." But indeed the expression is nowhere simple, though the thought is anything but complex—a bad fault. As a mere exercise you might try the same subject again in the same form, but be sure what is to be your culminating thought, and lead up to it naturally.

PLAS MAEN.—Not at all bad. But you have hurried too quickly over the latter part of the story, the robbery, etc. And it is very formless looking. "Copy" like yours would have little chance of acceptance. You do not seem to know what a sentence means.

PLAY-GOER.—Very fair criticism. The style is heavy, *e.g.*, "undoubted possibilities for the evolution of farcical situations, and the development of hilarious," etc. You must have a brisker pen if you mean to write for the press.

POETA IGNOTUS.—They are not really sonnets. They have no distinct thought to express, and mere vague or poor thinking or feeling looks very impoverished in a sonnet. Try another lyrical form, preferably.

PROSPICE.—A very interesting and intelligent essay. I think it would be most suitable for reading at an essay society—an open-minded one. The difficulties about getting a paper like this printed are considerable. It subject precludes its admittance into lighter magazines; its views from some others. Speculation of the kind is, besides, as you may have observed, unfashionable just now, and in the heavier reviews only seems to be accepted from well-known hands.

RASSELAS.—Lines 4-7 will do. The rest are a little weak, and "quite long ago," line 8, is poor.

S. B.—Impressive, but it is more fitted to be spoken and listened to than read. It is an address to the feelings rather than to the reason. To criticise it from a literary point of view is a little out of place, but I might point out your frequent habit of redundancy, *e.g.*, "dormant and undisturbed," "sympathy and pity," "sure and certain." These are not exactly synonymous, but enough so to be redundant. You speak of Utopia as if it were a tree, and there is a misquotation in page 1. The sentence beginning "But the bitterest" is badly constructed. Your talent is evidently for speaking rather than writing.

TORPAS.—Sonnet middling. No. 2 pretty, but a little formless. Go at it again. No. 3 is best. An athletic journal might be glad to print it.

W. R. S.—The MSS. have a very illiterate, careless look. Possibly the condition in which they reached the editors had something to do with their want of success.

ZERO.—Very various in merit. The first three read as if they had cost you much difficulty. They are not good. No. 1, stanza 1, line 2, "for" is wrong. The metre, too, is bad. Use your ear. Test all your verse by reading it aloud. No. 2, Sincerely, I don't know what it means. No. 3. There is a bad rhyme in stanza 1, and the metre halts all through. No. 4 (Coal) is much better, probably because you were expressing simple, popular ideas. No. 5 (Sandwich) is very good indeed. I guess it was the accepted one. I think you might be successful as a writer of popular sketches in verse.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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BASCOM, J.—An Historical Interpretation of Philosophy, 7/6..Putnam

BERRY, Rev. C. A.—Vision and Duty .....S. Low

[*The first volume of sermons published by this energetic and popular preacher will be looked at with interest. The sermons are unusually earnest, and, as might be expected from one who is so prominent in social reforms, broad-minded and humane.*]

Bible, the Brilliant Text .....Clarendon Press

" " " Reference

[*These are the smallest ever produced with maps, and are marvels of typography, neatness, and lightness. The measurements are respectively 3½ by 2¼ by ¾ inches, and 3¾ by 2½ by ¾ inches, and their weight 2⅝ and 3½ ounces. The binding is in excellent taste, and altogether they are wonderful productions.*]

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Critical Review, The. edited by Professor S. D. F. Salmond, vol. iii. T. and T. Clark

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